

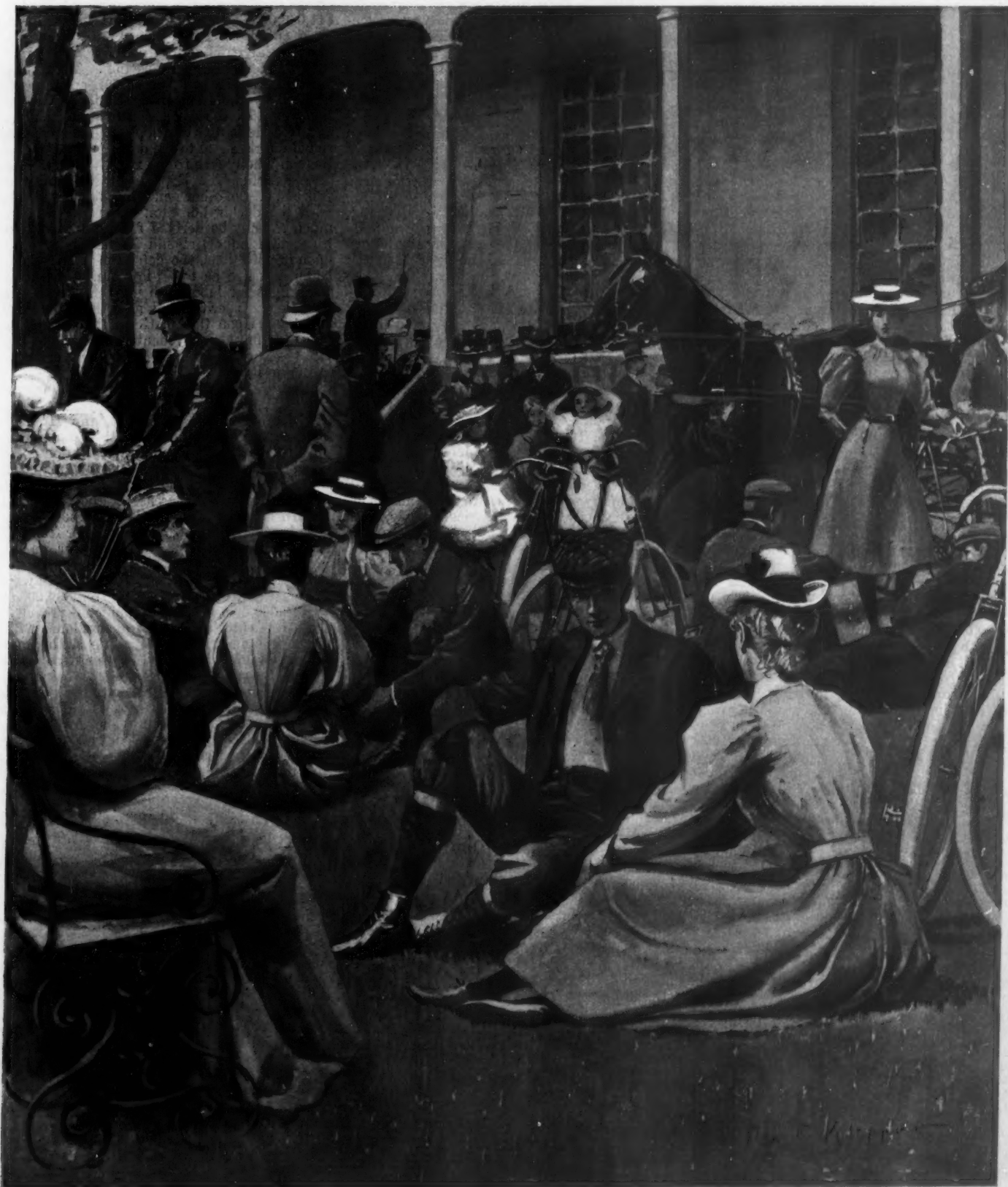
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XIX.—No. 12.
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NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1897.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



NEW YORK AS A SUMMER RESORT.—SUNDAY CONCERT IN BRONX PARK.



521-547 West Thirteenth St., 518-524 West Fourteenth St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1897.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN HISTORY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

LAST week we undertook to give some impression of the thoroughness with which President McKinley, in a volume supplemental to the valuable reprint of Colton's life of Henry Clay, has traced the history of tariff legislation in the United States. At that time we were only able to carry the outline of Mr. McKinley's narrative to the eve of the civil war. It is, of course, since that epoch that the most interesting and important experiments in the framing of tariffs on the protective principle have been made; and it is, consequently, to the record of the last thirty-six years that the President has devoted the larger portion of his book. We shall now endeavor as briefly as possible to indicate the principal data and conclusions set forth by him in the latter part of his volume.

During almost the whole of Mr. Buchanan's administration, the Walker tariff was in force, with the result that the receipts of the Treasury were insufficient to meet the appropriations of Congress, and the government had incurred a large debt. To check the increasing deficit, the House, where the Republicans were preponderant, passed a bill providing a scale of duties which would yield a larger revenue. But in the Senate the measure was postponed until the next session, when, owing to the withdrawal of southern members, the Republicans found themselves in control of the Senate also. The bill was then taken up and passed, and it was approved by Mr. Buchanan on March 2, 1861, when the administration was within forty-eight hours of its close. The Thirty-seventh Congress, Republican in both branches, convened in special session on July 4, 1861. The Morrill tariff, so called from its chief author, had gone into effect on April 1, and was satisfying the expectations of its enactors. It not only provided an increased rate of duties, but authorized the payment of outstanding treasury notes and a loan of \$10,000,000. So well did it meet the exigencies of the exchequer that a general revision of the tariff was not attempted at the extra session. By the law of August 5, 1861, however, the dutiable list was enlarged so as to add annually about \$22,500,000 to the revenue. The scope of the list was again enlarged at the regular session by the act of December 24, 1861. By this law the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar were increased, avowedly as a war measure. General tariff acts increasing the duties and assuring the prompt and easy collection of them were also passed in 1862, 1864, and on March 3, 1865. Mr. McKinley directs attention to the special efficiency of the law of 1862; not only did it shut out ruinous competition by foreign manufacturers, but it provided an internal revenue which, in 1866, reached the stupendous aggregate of over \$309,000,000, or a million dollars for each working day in the year. The tax on incomes provided by it yielded nearly \$73,000,000, or more than the entire receipts of the United States government for all purposes in any year of our history before the outbreak of the civil war. The President also notes that the greatest resistance encountered by any of these amendments of the tariff was offered to the law of 1864; even this, however, passed the House by a vote of 81 to 26, and the Senate by 22 to 5. The returns from these fiscal measures, viewed collectively, were in the highest degree satisfactory. In 1862 the customs receipts exceeded \$49,000,000; in 1863, \$69,000,000; in 1864, \$102,000,000, and in 1865 they were about \$85,000,000. In 1866, the first unbroken year of peace, the customs receipts increased to \$179,000,000, a sum more than twice as large as that obtained in the preceding year. In 1867 the receipts exceeded \$176,000,000; in 1868, \$164,000,000; in 1869, \$180,000,000; and in 1870, \$194,000,000. As we have seen, sums more vast were collected from internal taxes, the returns from the latter source increasing annually from \$37,000,000 in 1862 to \$309,000,000 four years later.

No sooner were the armies which had been employed to suppress the rebellion disbanded than the Republican leaders in Congress took measures to reduce the volume of direct taxation, and to limit as far as possible the expenditures of the government to the resources derivable from customs dues and a tax on spirits and tobacco. By the act of July 13, 1866, reductions in internal taxes were made amounting to \$105,000,000. The Fortieth Congress continued the work of obliterating the war taxes. A tax on raw cotton, which had been levied in 1863, was repealed, and a further curtailment of internal revenue was made by the acts of March 31 and July 30, 1868. Relief was given to manufacturers by the abolition of what was known as "the five per cent tax" on a variety of products. Mr. McKinley regards the financial legislation of this period, that which immediately followed the war, as comprehensive and able. Within four years after the suppression of the rebellion the national debt was reduced nearly \$300,000,000; and steps were taken toward its speedy extinction. This was accomplished, moreover, notwithstanding a steady and enormous reduction of the internal revenue, which, in 1869, was \$151,000,000 less than in 1866. The protective system had been thus far maintained intact, though the free traders were beginning to assail it. The Democratic national convention of 1868 had declared with traditional reverence in favor of a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports; and had, apparently, expressed a preference for internal taxation over customs dues. To this the Republicans were at first decidedly opposed, but, as we shall see, their opposition was gradually weakened, and many of them eventually assented to important changes in the tariff.

At the first session of the Forty-first Congress, on March 29, 1869, a resolution to report a bill "to exempt salt, tea, coffee, sugar, matches, and tobacco from every species of taxation for Federal purposes," was laid on the table by a vote of 104 to 40. The affirmative vote was exclusively Republican, and the negative exclusively Democratic except one. Within less than a year a marked change was visible. At the second session of the same Congress, on January 31, 1870, a resolution declaring that "the Constitution does not include or embrace any power to levy duties for any purpose other than the collection of revenue, and that a tariff levied for any purpose other than revenue is unjust to the body of the American people," was indeed laid on the table, but only by a vote of 90 to 77. The affirmative vote was again cast entirely by Republicans, but among those who voted in the negative 25 were Republicans. On June 6, of the same year, a still more noteworthy incident occurred. A resolution directing the Committee on Ways and Means "to report a bill abolishing the tariff on coal" was adopted by a vote of 112 to 78; 76 Republicans and 36 Democrats voting in the affirmative, and 61 Republicans and 17 Democrats in the negative. On June 27, a motion that the Committee above-mentioned be instructed to report a bill "reducing the present duties on all classes of salt 50 per cent." was adopted by a vote of 110 to 49. All the negative votes were Republican; but 57 Republicans and 43 Democrats voted in the affirmative. On July 14, of the same year (1870), President Grant approved the general tariff act which was passed by Congress at this session. It cut down the revenue from customs about \$27,000,000; all special taxes, such as the tax on passports, were abolished; and the income tax was fixed at two and a half per cent; the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar, and some articles of steel and iron, were reduced. President Grant, although he signed this bill, did not fail in his next annual message to Congress (December 5, 1870) to announce his opposition to all covert attacks upon the protective system, and a remarkable responsive declaration was promptly made by the House of Representatives. It was on December 12, 1870, that Hon. W. B. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the stalwart champion of protection, offered a resolution to the effect that, "the true principle of revenue reform points to the abolition of the internal revenue system and the retention only of the taxes on distilled spirits, tobacco, and malt liquors, so long as the legitimate expenses of the government require the collection of any sum from internal taxes." This resolution was adopted almost unanimously, the votes being 168 to 6.

In his third annual message to Congress

(December 4, 1871), President Grant recommended that certain articles, not produced in the United States but entering largely into general consumption, should be placed on the "free list." This recommendation was to some extent complied with, on May 1, 1872, by an act permitting tea and coffee to be imported free of duty, but amendments to further extend the free list, so as to include salt and other articles, were defeated. The reduction in the revenue from customs caused by this bill amounted to \$20,000,000 per annum. At the same session, under the act of March 5, Congress repealed all internal taxes on canned meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables. By the general tariff act of June 5, 1872, many changes were made in existing duties. For instance, a reduction of ten per cent was effected in the duties on all importations of cotton, wool, iron, steel, paper, straw, rubber, glass, and leather, and a large addition was made to the free list. Under these acts and that of May 1, above-mentioned, the decrease in the revenue from customs was about \$44,000,000 and the returns from internal taxes were cut down more than \$21,000,000. The presidential campaign which followed largely turned upon the tariff question. The Liberal Republican platform of 1872, subsequently adopted by the Democratic National Convention, remitted the discussion of protection *versus* free trade to the people in their congressional districts and to the decisions of Congress thereon wholly free from executive interference or dictation. The Republican National Convention, on the other hand, met the issue boldly with the declaration that revenue, except so much as may be derived from a tax upon tobacco and liquor, should be raised by duties upon importations, the details of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages for labor, and in promoting the industries, prosperity, and growth of the whole country. Upon this platform the Republicans won an almost unprecedented victory, and carried the Forty-third Congress by an overwhelming majority.

It will be remembered that in 1873 occurred a severe panic, followed by some years of financial depression. Nevertheless, the House of Representatives, in January, 1874, adopted by an almost unanimous vote a resolution to the effect that, although the revenues had materially fallen off, there was no necessity for increased taxation or for an increase of the public debt by a further loan, if there should be severe economy in the public expenditures. Far from adding to taxes, Congress the same year, on May 9, and June 22, made still further reductions and modifications in the customs duties which amounted in the aggregate to from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000. These reductions proved to have been untimely, and in compliance with a suggestion in President Grant's sixth annual message (December 7, 1874), Congress, by the acts of February 8 and March 3, 1875, increased the taxes on liquors and tobacco and the duties on sugar and molasses. Moreover, the ten per cent decrease of duties provided by the act of June 6, 1872, was repealed. In the Forty-fourth Congress the House of Representatives, for the first time since the war, was strongly Democratic; the Senate, however, remained Republican by 42 to 32. Under the circumstances no tariff legislation could be effected. In the presidential campaign of 1876 the tariff received comparatively little attention from the press or the masses of the voters of either party, although the Democratic National Convention had made an emphatic declaration against the principle of protection, and in favor of a tariff for revenue only. In the Forty-fifth Congress the House of Representatives, chosen in 1876, was again Democratic, though by a smaller majority. The Senate was still Republican, but only by the narrow margin of two votes. In December, 1877, the attack on the protective system began, and presently the Committee on Ways and Means reported a tariff bill materially reducing existing duties, and especially crippling the steel and iron, glass and pottery industries.

After a prolonged and heated debate this bill was killed by a motion to strike out the enacting clause which was carried by a vote of 134 to 120. It is to be noted that nineteen protectionist Democrats voted in the affirmative. Thus came to an end the first systematic attack on the protective system; but, as President McKinley reminds us, the fight had only begun.

In 1878 the Democrats again carried the House of Representatives, and now, in the Forty-sixth Congress, the Senate was also

Democratic, that party having succeeded in electing forty of the seventy-six members. Nothing, therefore, could prevent the prosecution of the Democratic policy, to wit, a tariff for revenue only, except the resistance which should be offered by protectionist Democrats. As a matter of fact, Mr. Randall, a protectionist Democrat, was for the third time elected Speaker, but such conspicuous free traders as Messrs. Tucker, Morrison, Mills, and Carlisle were made members of the Committee on Ways and Means. The Forty-sixth Congress was convoked in special session by President Hayes on March 18, 1879, and the assault on the existing tariff was at once renewed. In June, 1879, a bill to put salts of quinine on the free list was quickly passed by both Houses and approved by the President. On January 12, 1880, on the other hand (of course in the regular session), a motion to pass a bill providing that no duty should be levied on the importation of salt was disagreed to by an adverse majority of one vote, fifteen protectionist Democrats voting in the negative. Again, on March 1, a bill to provide for refunding the cotton tax collected during the war to the States from which it had been drawn was definitely pigeonholed, thirty-three Democrats and Nationalists co-operating with the Republicans. Two other bills reducing or repealing duties were killed by referring them to the Committee on Ways and Means. On March 23 a similar fate overtook a bill to abolish the duty on salt, printing type, printing paper, and the chemicals and materials used in the manufacture of the latter commodity. In all these instances the Republicans were assisted by protectionist Democrats. The only tariff legislation which the Democrats as a party succeeded in effecting was the passage, in June, 1880, of a joint resolution relative to a duty on hoop iron, which, receiving the approval of President Hayes, had the force and effect of law. The second regular session of this, the Forty-sixth Congress, was equally abortive from the viewpoint of the revenue reformers. Thus, after six years' agitation, the situation as to the tariff remained practically unchanged. It is true that the income tax had been abolished, the match tax repealed, and various changes made in the assessment and collection of internal revenue. Nevertheless, the aggregate receipts from customs and internal revenues were practically the same, allowance being made for the increase of population; \$265,000,000 in 1874, and \$310,000,000 in 1880. Meantime the country, having emerged from grave financial embarrassments, had attained a prosperity greater than it had ever before enjoyed. So marked, indeed, was the national well-being that the Republican party, in its national convention at Chicago, in June, 1880, could truthfully congratulate the people upon the marvelous success of its fiscal policy. President McKinley submits that never before in American history could any political organization, appealing to the record, safely assert that its achievements included such great events as those which were enumerated in the platform. It was, indeed, an indubitable fact that the Republican party had raised the value of our paper currency from 38 per cent to the par of gold. It had restored upon a solid basis the payment of coin for all the national obligations, and it had given us a currency absolutely good and equal in every part of our extended country. It had lifted the credit of the nation from the point where 6 per cent bonds sold at 86 to the point where 4 per cent bonds were eagerly sought at a premium. Under its administration railways had increased from 31,000 miles in 1860 to more than 82,000 miles in 1879. Within the same time our foreign trade had increased from \$700,000,000 to \$1,150,000,000, and our exports, which were \$20,000,000 less than our imports in 1860, were \$264,000,000 more than our imports in 1879. Without resorting to loans, it had, since the war closed, defrayed the ordinary expenses of the government besides the accruing interest on the public debt, and disbursed annually over \$30,000,000 for soldiers' pensions. It had paid \$888,000,000 of the public debt, and, by refunding the remainder at a lower rate, had reduced the annual interest charge, from nearly \$151,000,000 to less than \$89,000,000. In view of these facts the Republican convention declared that the reviving industries should be further promoted, and that the commerce already so great should be steadily encouraged. The same view of the situation seems to have been taken by the people, for Mr. Garfield was elected President. There is no doubt that in the State of New

York the result of the contest hinged mainly on the tariff question, and that the workmen of industrial centers were rallied to the standard of protection in immense and decisive numbers.

The House of Representatives in the Forty-seventh Congress, chosen in 1880, was preponderantly Republican, but only by a majority of seven. Neither party had a majority in the Senate, which consisted of thirty-seven Republicans, thirty-seven Democrats, one Independent and one Readjuster. In his first annual message to this Congress (December 6, 1881), President Arthur recommended that a careful revision of the tariff should be relegated to a commission. In pursuance of his suggestion Hon. John A. Kasson reported a bill to create a tariff commission of nine members to be appointed by the President. This bill became a law on May 15, and the President's appointees were promptly confirmed by the Senate. No other tariff legislation was carried through at this session with the exception of a bill correcting an error affecting the duty on knit goods. At the beginning of the second session of the Forty-seventh Congress the tariff commission submitted an exhaustive report to the House, together with a vast volume of testimony concerning the industrial conditions and needs of the country. With this report before them, the Committee on Ways and Means of the House formulated and brought in a bill reducing existing duties about 20 per cent. The Commission's schedules were largely followed; where a deviation was made it was generally in the direction of a still further reduction of the duty. It was estimated that the new bill would decrease the revenue about \$22,000,000. This bill was not passed, however, it being displaced by an internal revenue bill sent down from the Senate, a bill which virtually revised the entire tariff. In spite of strenuous opposition on the part of the Southern and some of the Western States, this bill was eventually passed in the House, and, being approved by the President, became a law. We come now to the Forty-eighth Congress, in which the Democrats ostensibly possessed a large preponderance; but, as the event was to prove, the protectionist Democrats were numerous enough to dash the hopes of the revenue reformers. On March 11, 1884, Mr. Morrison reported a bill providing a horizontal reduction of 20 per cent upon all dutiable articles except those embraced in the two schedules dealing with spirits and silks; it enlarged the free list by exempting from duty salt, timber, and certain products of wool; nevertheless, the enacting clause was stricken out by a vote of 159 to 155, forty-one Democrats and three Nationalists under the leadership of Mr. Randall having united with the Republicans to defeat the bill. In the ensuing presidential election the Republicans were beaten in the pivotal States of Indiana and New York, and Mr. Cleveland was elected, although during the canvass he had made no explicit declaration touching the center issue of protection *versus* free trade. In his letter of acceptance he had simply recited the fact that "true American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor, and that honor lies in honest toil," a sentiment asserted with equal fervor by both political parties.

The House of Representatives in the Forty-ninth Congress, elected in 1884, was strongly Democratic; nevertheless, nothing could be accomplished by the party of revenue reform, inasmuch as the Senate was Republican by forty-two of its seventy-six members. There was not a word, indeed, in Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address (March 4, 1885), to indicate a departure from the position of any of his Republican predecessors. Again, in his first annual message to Congress (December 8, 1885), Mr. Cleveland, while holding that the excess of our revenues over expenditures would justify a certain reduction in our customs revenue, maintained that the subject should be dealt with in such a way as to protect the interests of American labor. Once more, on February 15, 1886, Mr. Morrison introduced a bill to reduce tariff taxes, but this was beaten through the assistance furnished to the Republicans by thirty-five Democrats, led by Mr. Randall. Subsequently (June 28), Mr. Randall introduced a bill intended as a compromise between the existing law and the reduction of duties attempted by Mr. Morrison. This project was reported adversely by the Committee on Ways and Means, and thus ended all efforts for tariff changes for the session. At the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, Mr. Morrison again endeavored to have his bill considered by the House in committee of the whole;

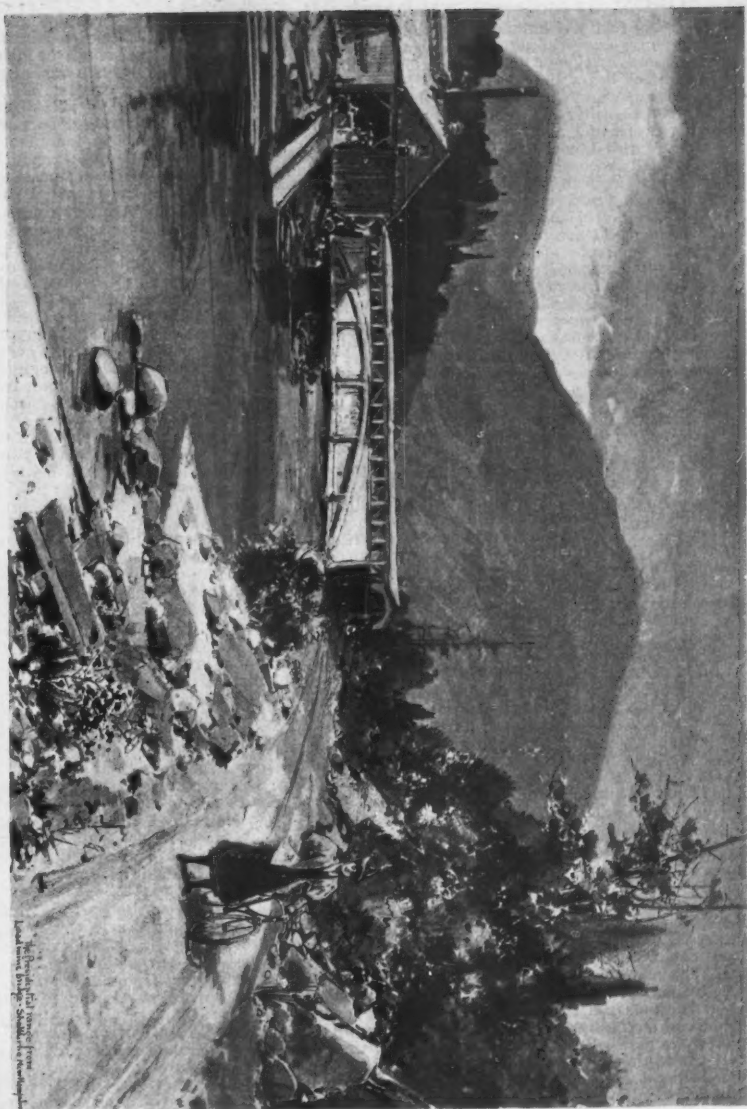
but his motion to that effect, on December 18, 1886, was defeated through the co-operation of protectionist Democrats with the Republicans. In the Fiftieth Congress the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, elected in 1886, was materially reduced; the Senate remained Republican by two votes. The attention not only of this Congress, but of the whole country, was arrested by Mr. Cleveland's third annual message (December 6, 1887). It is described by President McKinley as "an extraordinary document"; it was certainly in direct contrast to his two preceding annual messages; it was largely devoted to a consideration of the tariff, upon which he was thought to have held previously a conservative position. He now took advanced grounds in favor of a tariff for revenue only. Mr. McKinley reminds us that Mr. Cleveland's views, although in him new and startling, were not at once controverted by any of the leading men in Congress, or challenged by the press, and that it was reserved for Mr. Blaine, then traveling in Europe, to denounce them in a way that displayed conspicuously the sagacity and qualifications for leadership for which he had been long distinguished. Mr. Blaine predicted that the superior position of the Republicans on the tariff question would give them the victory in 1888, and the event justified his forecast. The American people refused to abandon the protectionist system which for a quarter of a century had given them such prosperity, and to make a new trial of an old experiment which had uniformly led to national embarrassment and widespread individual distress. While the fight for the Presidency was going on, the Mills bill, embodying Mr. Cleveland's new ideas, was, in the teeth of fierce opposition, carried through the House, but failed to be passed by the Senate. It was in the course of the debate in the House that Hon. Thomas B. Reed, referring to the promise of the free traders to give American manufacturers access to the markets of the world, gave a new version of one of *Æsop's* fables. The version ran as follows: "Once there was a dog. He was a nice little dog. Nothing the matter with him except a few foolish free trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along, happy as the day, for he had in his mouth a nice shoulder of succulent mutton. By-and-by he came to a stream with a bridge planked across it. He trotted along, and, looking over the side of the plank, he saw the markets of the world, and dived for them. A minute after he was crawling up the bank, the wettest, the sickest, the nastiest and the most muttonless dog that ever swam ashore."

In the House of Representatives, elected simultaneously with General Harrison, the Republicans had a majority of sixteen, and in the Senate a majority of ten. The House was organized by the choice of Hon. Thomas B. Reed as Speaker; Hon. William McKinley was made chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was on December 17, 1889, that Mr. McKinley introduced the first important tariff measure of the session, a bill to simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenue. Its object was to protect the honest importer in the United States against the dishonest importer; to protect American producers and dealers from the undervaluations and frauds that had been long practiced upon them. This bill became a law on June 10, 1890. That was the first of the present President's great services to the country. On April 16, 1890, Mr. McKinley, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, introduced the general tariff bill, inseparably associated with his name. This measure had been for nearly four months under constant consideration by the Ways and Means Committee, during which period every interest in the United States that had asked for it had received a hearing. This bill, then and since known as the McKinley act, eventually became a law, and remained operative until it was superseded in Cleveland's second administration by the Wilson act. Upon the circumstances attending the passage of the last-named measure, and upon its disastrous outcome in the shape of the large loans required to make good the deficits in revenue, we need not in detail dwell. The resentment and humiliation of the people are still fresh in remembrance, and they took substantial form in the election of William McKinley to the Presidency. Thereby the author of this book was placed in a position to enforce the protectionist principle, the evolution of which he has so patiently and ably traced throughout the course of our national history.



AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The Lord High Chamberlain (stopping Uncle Sam)—"How is this, Sir? You have no sword!"
 Uncle Sam—"WAAL, NOW, I LEFT THAT 'ERE SWORD HOME. I USED THE DARNED THING AT SARATOGY AND NEW ORLEANS, AND MY DARTER, COLUMBIA, SHE KINDER GUESSED THAT YOU MIGHTN'T KEER TO SEE IT AGAIN."



A BICYCLE TOUR IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

BUSINESS really is improving in the United States. Scarcely any one will admit it, regarding his own particular occupation or line of trade, but almost every one sees it or hears of it elsewhere. Much the largest and most important certainty is that the spring weather has been generally and remarkably favorable to all growing crops, and another sign of related nature is that cattle throughout the West are bringing better prices than have been obtained in past months, which implies that Eastern people, to whom the cattle are sent, are buying meat more freely, which in turn means that the buyers feel somewhat easier financially. Some mills long closed are opening in iron manufacturing districts, and few or none are closing. These facts do not foretell a sudden deluge of prosperity, but any gentle, occasional shower of that sort of thing should be welcomed by a people that has survived the last four years of distrust, uncertainty and business stagnation. The average citizen who is not in any great business may nevertheless help the good work along by buying only for cash and never spending his last dollar.

Aside from general reports on the condition of business, there have been some interesting statements by two men whom the shrewdest Eastern men of affairs always regard with close attention. One is Vice-president Cannon of the great Fourth National Bank, this city, and the other is ex-Governor Flower, who is the head of a large banking firm as well as a director in several railroad companies and other large business enterprises. Mr. Cannon, who recently returned from Kansas City, where he was elected president of the National Association of Credit Men, declared that a careful canvass of the delegates of the Association indicated that the general business situation throughout the country is improving and that the price of merchandise is upon a firmer basis. Mr. Flower, after a long trip through the West, said he saw decided signs of improvement, and continued: "The Populists do not affect the crops. Confidence has been pretty badly shaken by the legislatures sandbagging capital, but the legislatures throughout the country have nearly all adjourned." Then he answered the most frequent and anxious question of the day as follows: "When capital starts to invest its money, being no longer afraid to, labor will find employment."

Whenever any dissatisfied class of well-meaning people get a new idea that they believe is for their benefit the remainder of the public is granted a temporary rest; consequently the plan of founding a co-operative commonwealth in the State of Washington, under the direction of Mr. Eugene V. Debs of railway disturbance notoriety, ought to be wished all possible success. There is nothing wrong, foolish or even impracticable in the theory of co-operation; human nature is the only uncertain element in it, so if Mr. Debs can find in the American Railway Union or anywhere and everywhere else the fifty thousand men whom he declares he expects at the start, and can prevent some of them directly or indirectly robbing the others or getting more than their fair share of the money and other property, he will be hailed as a born leader of men and a public benefactor. But Mr. Debs should go slow, and study the history of other co-operative bodies. One of these consisted of the Twelve Apostles, specially selected by the highest known authority on human nature, yet their treasurer behaved most villainously.

One serious lack of all past co-operative communities in America and elsewhere, next to justifiable confidence in human nature, has been in the important quality of business sense. Whether serving for pay or for unselfish devotion to the cause, there must be an individual head to any human organization, and the greater the number of persons the abler must be the head. The Mormon Utah was said to be a co-operative colony; it really was a double despotism, spiritual and temporal, yet not all the undoubted ability of Brigham Young was able to hold it firmly together, and the "Zion Co-operative Association" of the business men of the Territory abounded in "kickers" long before the United States Government compelled its dissolution. Nevertheless, the co-operation idea will always be attractive to many estimable people, and it will undoubtedly succeed brilliantly when some one has succeeded in discovering and combining the truly wise and industrious with the truly unselfish and otherwise truly good. At present the only entirely successful co-operative societies are occasional families.

Among the complaints that are being made of the new Tariff bill there is one that will touch the majority of people "just where they live," for it is to the effect that the proposed duties on sugar and tea will deprive us of that much-lauded privilege, "a free breakfast-table." It should not be necessary to say that this charge is mere sentimental nonsense. Everything on the breakfast-table, whether luxurious or modest, pays taxes directly or indirectly unless it is smuggled or stolen; that some of the articles have not a tariff duty upon them does not alter the fact. Why the breakfast-table should be free, any more than the dinner-table or the supper-table, the wash-tub or the kitchen stove, has never been explained except by demagogues who did not tell the truth nor did they succeed with their lying. Quite possibly there will be some "deals" and other trickery with the sugar schedule of the Tariff bill, and the men most interested in the sugar trade will make something out of them; but the fact remains that sugar is more promising of revenue than any other single article under consideration, and that its immense and general consumption insures a large gain to the government, under the tariff, with so small increase of price that the individual consumer will not feel it.

Despite all the tariff lies and other misrepresenta-

tions made for political and personal purposes, there are some general truths that should be comprehended by men of any and all parties. One is that the national revenues must be increased, for economy alone will not enable us to make ends meet with the present revenue, "fixed charges" and other necessary expenditures. Another is that both parties long ago decided that to make good the deficit by direct taxation or devising new internal revenue taxes would be too unpopular to be attempted. Another is that increased duties on articles that are not necessities generally decrease importations and thus defeat their purpose; they help only the American manufacturers whom they "protect." Consequently the new bill, if it would increase the annual revenue, must tax absolute necessities, among which the people reckon sugar, tea and coffee.

Some colored men in Ohio have set the whites a needed example by organizing an "Anti-mob and Lynch Law Association." It may occur to some critical natures that self-protection rather than respect for the law was at the bottom of the movement, as the last person lynched in Ohio was a colored man. It should be remembered, however, that some thousands of white men have been lynched in the United States, and so trifling a distinction as the color of a criminal's or suspect's skin will not be recognized by any gang in which is aroused the latent human passion for killing. Some very effective anti-mob societies have come into existence in portions of the West from time to time; the members issued no appeals or tracts, nor did they make any speeches; they merely notified their respective sheriffs that they could be depended upon to turn out promptly on call at any time, and well armed, to act as a posse to assist in the execution of the laws or to prevent the violation thereof. The invariable result was that no more lynchings occurred. An excitable character who joined one of these societies was asked how he came to do it. "To keep myself from joining the next mob," was the reply, and there was a world of sense in it.

Perplexities regarding the coming tariff law continue to appear. A prominent citizen of the Argentine Republic, now in the United States, announced recently that the government of his country is contemplating retaliatory measures to offset our new law, by which he meant the proposed duties on hides and wools, our principal imports from that country, and which at present come in free. A tariff levied by Argentina on our exports to that country, which are principally manufactured goods, would put us at a disadvantage with Europeans in a market which our manufacturers specially need, as the South American republic has but few mills of its own. From this report, and similar stories from France and Germany, it becomes evident that the Senate's slowness at tariff tinkering is not wholly due to long-winded speeches and "dickers."

Aside from the desire of manufacturers to sell their goods in South America the general public has an indirect interest in the improvement of our business relations with our sister republics. At present our annual importations from South America aggregate about one hundred million dollars; in return we export only about one-third that amount to them, so the balance against us, to be settled somewhere, somehow—generally by exchange on London which is equivalent to gold—exceeds sixty million dollars—exceeds the annual gold production of the United States. It is quite true that we get the worth of our money, otherwise we would not buy; but it is equally true that the annual balance against us requires the diversion of exactly that amount of the most valuable portion of our circulating medium.

The heaviest single item of our government's expenditure promises to retain its pre-eminence at least as long as any member of the present generation lives, so any hope or theory of a great reduction of outlay may as well be abandoned. The item alluded to is the pension list. It already calls for almost one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, and the Senate Pension Committee has just arranged to increase it by granting what is called a "service pension" of eight dollars a month to the surviving soldiers and widows of soldiers of our various Indian wars. The Senate's estimate of the sum required is seven and one-half million dollars a year, but if this sum proves sufficient, or even half sufficient, it will be the first exception to the rule that new classes of pensioners always are enormously in excess of the original estimates. It is also true that the period for which any class of pensioners will remain on the list is always longer than any one not familiar with the pension roll would imagine. A full hundred years after the War of the Revolution ended there were still Revolutionary pensioners, these being the widows of soldiers who married late in life. The war of 1812-15 ended more than eighty years ago, but there are still quite a lot of pensioners, most of whom are soldiers' widows. It was currently reported for years that there was active competition for aged military widowers and bachelors, for the sake of the eight dollars per month which the widow would afterward have for life, but perhaps this story was maliciously constructed by women who attempted to marry old soldiers for their pensions but failed. It is certain that eight dollars per month is akin to a fortune in portions of the country where everything is abundant but cash. As to pensioners of the Mexican War, now nearly fifty years past, there are thousands of them, and the most rabid grumbler against the government's enormous outlay would not be mean enough to wish that these warriors' widows would cut down national expenses by dying.

The cause of the great number of pensioners of wars long ended was what is called the "service pension." In other words, survivors were pensioned, not for wounds or other disabilities, but merely because they had served their country in the army. It is on this principle that the Senate proposes to pension the survivors of Indian wars; and, of course, if the principle is correct the new class is entitled to be added to the list. It necessarily follows, however, that all survivors of the Civil War, and survivors' widows, are equally justified in claiming the benefits thereof. Although there are now nearly a million names on the pension list, the number of men in the service exceeded two and a quarter millions, so there would be more than a million survivors and survivors' widows to be provided for. At eight dollars

per month—the unvarying rate of service pensions of past wars—these would increase the pension outlay by a round hundred million dollars per year. Unless many old soldiers and almost all pension agents experience a change of heart the "service pension" for survivors of the Civil War will sooner or later be forced upon the country, for no Congress or any political party is likely to have the courage to oppose it; although a President may veto it, the project will come again and again before Congress until it passes. It can be defeated or modified only by public opinion, earnestly expressed, for many thousands of soldiers are longing for it and talking for it with all their might, and the pension agents are with them for a business reason which is supposed to be an excuse for anything. The subject is of far more importance than the tariff, the river and harbor bills, the rage for expensive public buildings or any other of the financial questions with which the press and people busy themselves; for bad legislation on some of these matters may be amended, while to rescind such a pension bill would be about as difficult as to deprive a State of any of its privileges, and the outlay would aggregate some thousands of millions of dollars.

The sociable but otherwise utterly bad custom of delaying funerals, if possible, until Sundays so as to secure a large attendance of friends of the departed has recently been formally condemned by the Presbytery of New York. This action should be followed by ministers throughout the country, and another New York innovation worth copying is to have funerals attended only by the families of the deceased person, the memorial services being held at some subsequent and convenient time, preferably on a weekday evening. Too many funerals, in the rural districts as well as in the cities, have the air of picnics, the expense of which falls heavily upon bereaved families who also are not in fit condition to be entertainers. Money that can really be spared for an expensive funeral would better preserve the memory of the departed were it bestowed in needed charities.

There need be no renewal of apprehension of bad feeling between North and South because objection has been made by some Southern veterans to the invitation of members of the Grand Army of the Republic to the Confederate reunion to be held at Nashville next month. It is only by a straining of courtesy that the survivors of one army can be asked to attend the formal meetings of survivors of the other; even Christians of different denominations do not invite one another to any of the special gatherings of any single sect. The proper places to look for the feeling of "the blue and the gray" for each other are in society, business and religious circles; in these there have been thousands of proofs, in both sections of the country, that by-gones are to be by-gones, to men competent to rule themselves and lead their fellows, and not all the vapors of men made light-headed by whisky, hatred, suspicion or lack of brain can change the fact.

Rare, indeed, in the world is the notable event in which some American is not in some way concerned. The great political disturbance in the Transvaal gold region about a year ago had among its promoters an American engineer who was so great a man that his salary was double that of the President of the United States. The death of Barney Barnato, also of the Transvaal gold region and said to be the richest man in the world, had scarcely been reported by the newspapers last week when there arose an American woman claiming to be the dead man's daughter and consequently one of his heirs, and it is believed that she can substantiate her claim.

If physicians have their way the days of very fast bicycle riding are numbered. Of the many charges that have been made against the bicycling habit the only one that has not been disproved is that wheeling tends to overexertion, just as any other inspiring pastime may; the gravity of the charge against "scorchers" comes of the great number of these irrepressible beings. A prominent Berlin physician recently examined a dozen professional bicyclists both before and after races, none of which was long, yet he noted grave disturbances of heart and serious results to the kidneys. How much or little this was due to the unnatural position affected by fast riders was not noted, but the main facts of the report should discourage overexertion on the wheel. While a speed of eight or ten miles an hour may be maintained with no greater physical exertion than an hour's walk would require, there would seem to be no excuse for the existence of the "scorcher" and the many torments he inflicts upon himself and others.

Postal savings banks are again before Congress for consideration, the new bill providing that every post-office where receipts exceed four hundred dollars per year shall become a place of deposits ranging from ten cents to fifty dollars per day. There is no good reason why the bill should not pass, for the experience of a similar system in Europe shows that the majority of people will bank money when assured that it will be entirely safe; the most careless spendthrifts began to save as soon as proper facilities were provided. Opposition to the bill must come principally from shopkeepers, who now get much of the spare change in villages too small to have banks of any kind, and from the retailers of liquors, who are the general catch-alls for what remains; but these interests are amply able to maintain themselves despite all the saving that the people may do. Merely to increase the number of money-savers the government could well afford a more expensive service, for individual extravagance is at present our great national vice.

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A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION,

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, (MRS. EVERARD COTES).

CHAPTER XIV.

AT FIRST through the square chambers of the early Popes and the narrow passages lined with empty cells, nearest to the world outside, we kept together, and it was mainly Eusebius who discoursed of the building of the Catacombs, which he informed us had a pagan beginning.

"But our blessed early bishops said, 'Why should the devil have all the accommodations?' and when once the Church got its foot in there wasn't much room for him. But a few pagans there are here to this day in better company than they ever kept above ground," remarked Brother Eusebius.

"Can you tell them apart?" asked Mr. Dod, "the Christians and the Pagans?"

"Yes," replied that holy man, "by the measurements of the jaw-bone. The Christians, you see, were always lecturing the other fellows, so their jaw-bones grew to an awful size. Some of 'em are simply parliamentary."

"Dat," said Brother Demetrius anxiously—as nobody had laughed—"ith a joke."

"I noticed the intention," said poppa. "It's down in the guide-book that you've been 'absolved from the vow of silence'—is that correct?"

"Right you are," said Brother Eusebius. "What about it?"

"Oh, nothing—only it explains a good deal. I guess you enjoy it, don't you?"

But Brother Eusebius was bending over a cell in better preservation than most of them, and was illuminating with his candle the bones of the dweller in it. The light flickered on the skull of the Early Christian and the tonsure of the modern one and made comparisons. It also cut the darkness into solid blocks, and showed us broken bits of marble, faint stains of old frescoes, strange rough letters, and where it wavered furthest the uncertain lines of a graven cross.

"Here's one of the original inhabitants," remarked Eusebius. "He's been here all the time. I hope the ladies don't mind looking at him in his bones?"

"Thee, you can pick him up," said old Demetrius, handing a thigh-bone to mamma, who shrank from the privilege. "It's quite dry."

"It seems such a liberty," she said, "and he looks so incomplete without it. Do put it back."

"That's the way I feel," remarked Dicky, "but I don't believe he'd mind our looking at a toe-bone. Are his toe-bones all there?"

"No," replied Demetrius, "I have count another day and he ith nine only. Here ith a few."

"It is certainly a very solemn and unusual privilege," remarked Mr. Mafferton, as the toe-bones went round, "to touch the mortal remnant of an Early Christian."

"That altogether depends," said the Senator, "upon what sort of an Early Christian he was. Maybe he was a saint of the first water, and maybe he was a pillar of the church that ran a building society. Or, maybe, he was only an average sort of Early Christian like you or me, in which case he must be very uncomfortable at the idea of inspiring so much respect. How are you going to tell?"

"The gentleman is right," said Brother Eusebius, and in considering poppa's theory in its relation to the doubtful character before them nobody noticed, except me, the petty larceny, by Richard Dod, of one Early Christian toe-bone. His expression, I am glad to say, made me think he had never stolen anything before; but you couldn't imagine a more promising beginning for a career of embezzlement. As we moved on I mentioned to him that the man who would steal the toe-bone of an Early Christian, who had only nine, was capable of most crimes, at which he assured me that he hadn't such a thing about him outside of his boots, which shows how one wrong step leads to another.

We fell presently into two parties—Dicky, Mrs. Portneris, and I holding to the skirts of Brother Demetrius. Brother Demetrius knew a great deal about the Latin inscriptions and the history of Pope Damasus and the chapel of the Bishops, and how they found the body of St. Cecilia, after eight hundred years, fresh and perfect, and dressed in rich vestments embroidered in gold; but his way of imparting it seriously interfered with the value of his information, and we looked regretfully after the other party.

"Here we have de tomb of Anterus and Fabianus—" "I think we should keep up with the rest," interrupted Mrs. Portneris.

"Oh, I too, I know all dese Catacomb—I will take you everywheres—and here, too, we have buried Entychianus."

"Where is Brother Eusebius taking the others?" asked Dicky.

"Now I tell you: he mith all de valuable ting, he is too fat and lazy; only joke, joke, joke. And here we have buried Epis—martyr. Epis he wath martyr."

The others, with their lights and voices, came into full view where four passages met in a cubicle. "Oh," cried Isabel, catching sight of us, "do come and see Jonah and the whale. It's too funny for anything."

"And where Damathuth found here the many good thainth he—"

"We would like to see Jonah," entreated Dicky.

"Well," said Brother Demetrius crossly, "you go thee him—you catch up. I will no more. You do not like my Englis' very well. You go with fat old joke-fellow, and I return the houth. Bethide, it ith the day of my lumbago." And the venerable Demetrius, with distinct temper, turned his back on us and waddled off.

We looked at each other in consternation.

"I'm afraid we've hurt his feelings," said Dicky.

"You must go after him, Mr. Dod, and apologize," commanded Mrs. Portneris.

"Do you suppose he knows the way out?" I asked.

"It is a shame," said Dicky. "I'll go and tell him we'd rather have him than Jonah any day."

Brother Demetrius was just turning a corner. Darkness encompassed him, lying thick between us. He looked, in the light of his candle, like something of Rembrandt's suspended for a moment before us. We started after him, and, presently, Mrs. Portneris and I were regarding each other with more friendliness than I would have believed possible across our flaring dips in the silence of the Catacombs.

"Poor old gentleman," I said; "I hope Mr. Dod will overtake him."

"So do I, indeed," said Mrs. Portneris. "I fear we have been very inconsiderate. But young people are always so impatient," she added and put the blame where it belonged.

I did not retaliate with so much as a reproachful glance. Even as a censor Mrs. Portneris was so eminently companionable at the moment. But as we waited for Dicky's return neither of us spoke again. It made too much noise. Minutes passed, I don't know how many, but enough for us to look cautiously round to see if there was anything to sit on. There wasn't, so Mrs. Portneris took my arm. We were not people to lean on each other in the ordinary vicissitudes of life, and even under the circumstances I was aware that Mrs. Portneris was a great deal to support, but there was comfort in every pound of her. At last a faint light foreshadowed itself in the direction of Dicky's disappearance, and grew stronger, and was resolved into a candle and a young man, and Mr. Dod, very much paler than when he left, was with us again. Mrs. Portneris and I started apart as if scientifically impelled, and exclaimed simultaneously, "Where is Brother Demetrius?"

"Nowhere in this graveyard," said Dicky. "He's well upstairs by this time. Must have taken a short cut. I lost sight of him in about two seconds."

"That was very careless of you, Mr. Dod," said Mrs. Portneris, "very careless indeed. Now we have no option, I suppose, but to rejoin the others; and where are they?"

They were certainly not where they had been. Not a trace nor an echo—not a trace nor an echo—of anything, only parallelograms of darkness in every direction, and our little circle of light flickering on the tombs of Anterus, and Fabianus, and Entychianus, and Epis—martyr—and we three within it, looking at each other.

"If you don't mind," said Dicky, "I would rather not go after them. I think it's a waste of time. Personally I am quite contented to have rejoined you. At one time I thought I shouldn't be able to, and the idea was trying."

"We wouldn't dream of letting you go again," said Mrs. Portneris and I simultaneously. "But," continued Mrs. Portneris, "we will all go in search of the others. They can't be very far away. There is nothing so alarming as standing still."

We proceeded along the passage in the direction of our last glimpse of our friends and relatives, passing a number of most interesting inscriptions, which we felt we had not time to pause and decipher, and came presently to a divergence which none of us could remember. Half of the passage went down three steps, and turned off to the left under an arch, and the other half climbed two, and immediately lost itself in blackness of darkness. In our hesitation Dicky suddenly stooped to a trace of pink in the stone leading upward, and picked it up—three rose petals.

"That settles it," he exclaimed. "Isa—Miss Portneris was wearing a rose. I gave it to her myself."

"Did you, indeed," said Isabel's mamma coldly. "My dear child, how anxious she will be!"

"Oh, I should think not," I said hopefully. "I am sure she can trust Mr. Dod to take care of himself—and of us, too, for the matter of that."

"Mr. Dod!" exclaimed Mrs. Portneris with indignation. "My poor child's anxiety will be for her mother."

And we let it go at that. But Dicky put the rose petals in his pocket with the toe-bone, and hopefully remarked that there would be no difficulty about finding her now. I mentioned that I had parents also, at that moment, lost in the Catacombs, but he did not apologize.

The midnight of the place, as we walked on, seemed to deepen, and its silence to grow more profound. The tombs passed us in solemn gray ranges, one above the other—the long tombs of the grown-up people, and the

shorter ones of the children, and the very little ones of the babies. The air held a concentrated dolor of funerals sixteen centuries old, and the four dim stone walls seemed to have crept closer together. "I think I will take your arm, Mr. Dod," said Mrs. Portneris, and "I think I will take your other arm, Mr. Dod," said I.

"Thank you," replied Dicky. "I should be glad of both of yours," which may look ambiguous now, but we quite understood it at the time. It made rather uncomfortable walking in places, but against that overwhelming majority of the dead it was comforting to feel ourselves a living unit. We stumbled on, taking only the most obvious turnings, and presently the passage widened into another little square chamber. "More bishops!" groaned Dicky, holding up his candle.

"Perhaps," I replied triumphantly, "but Jonah, anyway," and I pointed him out on the wall, in two shades of brown, a good deal faded, being precipitated into the jaws of a green whale with paws and horns and a smile, also a curled body and a three-forked tail. The wicked deed had two accomplices only, who had apparently stopped rowing to do it. Underneath was a companion sketch of the restitution of Jonah, in perfect order, by the whale, which had, nevertheless, grown considerably stouter in the interval, while an amiable stranger reclined in an arbor, with his hand under his head, and looked on.

"As a child your intelligence promised well," said Dicky. "That is Jonah, though not of the Revised Version. I don't think Bible stories ought to be illustrated, do you, Mrs. Portneris? It has such a bad effect on the imagination."

"We can talk of that at another time, Mr. Dod. At present I wish to be restored to my daughter. Let us push on at once. And please explain how it is that we have had to walk so far to get to this place, which was only a few yards from where we were standing when Brother Demetrius left us!" Mrs. Portneris's words were commanding, but her tone was the tone of supplication.

"I'm afraid I can't," said Dicky, "but for that very reason I think we had better stay where we are. They are pretty sure to look for us here."

"I cannot possibly wait to be looked for. I must be restored to my daughter! You must make an effort, Mr. Dod. And, now that I think of it, I have left the key of our boxes in the drawer of the dressing-table, and the key of that is in it, and the housemaid has the key of the room. It is absolutely necessary that I should go back to the hotel at once."

"My dear lady," said Dicky, "don't you realize that we are lost?"

"Lost! Impossible! Shout, Mr. Dod!"

Dicky shouted, and all the Early Christians answered him. There are said to be seven millions. Mrs. Portneris grasped his arm convulsively.

"Don't do that again," she said, "on any account. Let us go on!"

"Much better not," protested Dicky.

"On! on!" commanded Mrs. Portneris. There was no alternative. We put Dicky in the middle again, and cautiously stepped out. A round of blue paper under our chaperone's arm caught the eye of Mr. Dod. "What luck!" he exclaimed, "you have brought the liqueur with you, Mrs. Portneris. I think we'd better all have some, if you don't mind. I've been in warmer cemeteries."

As she undid the bottle, Mrs. Portneris declared that she already felt the preliminary ache of influenza. She exhorted us to copious draughts, but it was much too nasty for more than a sip, though warming to a degree.

"Better take very little at a time," Dicky suggested, but Mrs. Portneris reaffirmed her faith in the virtues of eucalyptus, and with such majesty as was compatible with the neck of the bottle, drank deeply. Then we stumbled on. Presently Mrs. Portneris yawned widely twice, thrice, and again. "I beg your pardon," said she, "I don't seem able to help it."

"It's the example of these gaping sepulchers," Dicky replied. "Don't apologize."

The passages grew narrower and more complex, the tombs more irregular. We came to one that partly blocked the path, tilted against the main wall like a separate sarcophagus, though it was really part of the solid rock. Looking back, a wall seemed to have risen behind us; it was a distinctly perplexing moment, hard upon the nerves. The tomb was empty, except for a few bones that might have been anything huddled at the bottom, and Mrs. Portneris sat down on the lower end of it. "I really do not feel able to go any further," she said, "the ascent is so perpendicular."

I was going to protest that the place was as level as a street, but Dicky forestalled me. "Eucalyptus," he said soothingly, "often has that effect."

"We are lost," continued Mrs. Portneris lugubriously, "in the Catacombs. We may as well make up our minds to it. We came here this morning at ten o'clock, and I should think, I should think—thish mus' be minnigt on the following day."

"My watch has run down," said Dicky, "but you are probably quite right, Mrs. Portneris."

"It is doubtful," Mrs. Portneris went on, pulling

herself together, "whether we are ever found. There are nine hundred miles of Catacombs. Unless we become cannibals we are likely to die of starvation. If we do become cannibals, Mr. Dod," she added, sternly endeavoring to look Dicky in the eye, "I hope you will remember what is due to ladies."

"I will offer myself up gladly," said he, and I could not help reflecting upon the comfort of a third party with a sense of humor under the circumstances.

"Thass right," said Mrs. Portheris, nodding approvingly, and much oftener than was necessary. "Though there isn't much on you—you won't go very far." Then after a moment of gloomy reflection she blew out her candle, and, before I could prevent it, mine also. Dicky hastily put his out of reach.

"Three candles at once," she said virtuously, "in a room of this size! It is wicked extravagance, neither more nor less."

I assure you you would have laughed, even in the Catacombs, and Dicky and I mutually approached the borders of hysteria in our misplaced mirth. Mrs. Portheris smiled in unison somewhat foolishly, and we saw that slumber was overtaking her. Gradually and unconsciously she slipped down and back, and presently rested comfortably in the sepulcher of her selection, sound asleep.

"She is right in it," said Dicky, holding up his candle. "She's a lulu," he added disgustedly, "with her eucalyptus."

This was disrespectful, but consider the annoyance of losing a third of our forces against seven million Early Christian ghosts. We sat down, Dicky and I, with our backs against the tomb of Mrs. Portheris, and when Dicky suggested that I might like him to hold my hand for a little while I made no objection whatever. We decided that the immediate prospect, though uncomfortable, was not alarming, that we had been wandering about for possibly an hour, judging by the dwindling of Dicky's candle, and that search must be made for us as soon as ever the others went above ground and heard from Brother Demetrius the tale of our abandonment. I said that if I knew anything about mamma's capacity for underground walking, the other party would have gone up long ago, and that search for us was, therefore, in all likelihood, proceeding now, though perhaps it would be wiser, in case we might want them, to burn only one candle at a time. We had only to listen intently and we would hear the voices of the searchers. We did listen, but all that we heard was a faint far distant moan, which Dicky tried to make me believe was the wind in a ventilating shaft. We could also hear a prolonged thumping very close to us, but that we could each account for personally. And nothing more.

"Dicky," said I after a time, "if it weren't for the candle I believe I should be frightened."

"It's about the most parsimonious style of candle I've ever seen," replied Dicky, "but it would give a little more light if it were trimmed." And he opened his pocket-knife.

"Be very careful," I begged, and Dicky said "Rather!"

"Did you ever notice," he asked, "that you can touch flame all right if you are only quick enough? Now, see me take the top off that candle." If Dicky had a fault it was a tendency to boastfulness. He took the lighted wick between his thumb and his knife-blade, and skillfully scooped the top off. It blazed for two seconds on the edge of the blade—just long enough to show us that all the flame had come with it. Then it went out, and in the darkness at my side I heard a scuffling among waistcoat pockets, and a groan.

"No matches?" I asked in despair.

"Left 'em in my light overcoat pockets, Mamie. I'm a bigger ass than—than Mafferton."

"You are," I said with decision. "No Englishman goes anywhere without his light overcoat. What have you done with yours?"

"Left it in the carriage," replied Dick humbly.

"That shows," said I bitterly, "how little you have learned in England. Propriety in connection with you is evidently like water and a duck's back. An intelligent person would have acquired the light overcoat principle in three days, and never have gone out without it afterward."

"Oh, go on!" replied Dick fiercely. "Go on. I don't mind. I'm not so stuck on myself as I was. But if we've got to die together you might as well forgive me. You'll have to do it at the last moment, you know."

"I suppose you have begun to review your past life," I said grimly, "and that's why you are using so much American slang."

Then, as Dicky was again holding my hands, I maintained a dignified silence. You cannot possibly quarrel with a person who is holding your hand, no matter how you feel.

"There's only one thing that consoles me in connection with those matches," Dicky mentioned after a time. "They were French ones."

"I don't know what that has to do with it," I said. "That's because you don't smoke," Dicky replied. And I had not the heart to pursue the inquiry. Time went on, black and silent, as it had been doing down there for sixteen centuries. We stopped arguing about why they didn't come to look for us, each privately wondering if it was possible that we had strayed too ingeniously ever to be found. We talked of many things to try to keep up our spirits, the conviction of the "St. James's Gazette" that American young ladies live largely upon chewing-gum, and other topics far removed from our surroundings, but the effort was not altogether successful. Dicky had just permitted himself to make a reference to his mother in Chicago when a sound behind us made us both start violently, and then cheered us immensely—a snore from Mrs. Portheris within the tomb. It was not, happily, a single accidental snore, but the forerunner of a regular series, and we hung upon them as they issued, comforted and supported. We were vaguely aware that we could have no better defense against disembodied Early Christians, when, in the course of an hour, Mrs. Portheris sat up suddenly among the bones of the original occupant and asked what time it was. We felt a pang of regret at losing it.

After the first moment or two that lady realized the situation completely. "I suppose," she said, "we have

been down here about two days. I am quite faint with hunger. I have often read that candles, under these terrible circumstances, are sustaining. What a good thing we have got the candles."

Dicky squeezed my hand nervously, but our chap-erone had slept off the eucalyptus and had no longer one cannibal thought.

"I don't think it is time for candles yet," he said reassuringly. "You have been asleep, you know, Mrs. Portheris."

"If you have eaten them already, I consider that you have taken an unfair advantage, a very unfair advantage."

"Here is mine!" exclaimed Dicky nobly. "I hope I can deny myself, Mrs. Portheris, to that extent."

"And mine," I echoed; "but really, Mrs. Portheris—"

Another pressure of Dicky's hand reminded me—I am ashamed to confess it—that if Mrs. Portheris was bent upon the unnecessary consumption of Roman tallow there was nothing in her past treatment of either of us to induce us to prevent her. The dictates of humanity, I know, should have influenced us otherwise, in connection with tallow, but they seemed for the moment to have faded as completely out of our bosoms as they did out of the early Roman persecutors! It seemed to me that all my country's wrongs at the hands of Mrs. Portheris rose up and clamored to be avenged, and Dicky told me afterward that he felt just the same way.

"Then I have done you an injustice," she continued; "I apologize, I am sure, and I find that I have my own candle, thank you. It is adhering to the side of my bonnet."

We were perfectly silent.

"Perhaps I ought to try and wait a little longer," Mrs. Portheris hesitated, "but I feel such a sinking, and I assure you I have fallen away. My garments are quite loose."

"Of course it depends," said Dicky scientifically, "upon the amount of carbon the system has in reserve. Personally I think I can hold out a little longer. I had an excellent breakfast this m—, the day we came here. But if I felt a sinking—"

"Waugh!" said Mrs. Portheris.

"Have you—have you begun?" I exclaimed in agony, while Dicky shook in silence.

"I have," replied Mrs. Portheris hurriedly; "where—where is the eucalyptus? Ah! I have it!"

"Ben-en-eh!" It is nutritive, I am sure, but it requires a cordial."

The darkness for some reason seemed a little less black and the silence less oppressive.

"I have only eaten about three inches," remarked Mrs. Portheris presently. Dicky and I were incapable of conversation—"but I—but I cannot go on at present. It is really not nice."

"An overdone flavor, hasn't it?" asked Dicky, between gasps.

"Very much so! Horribly! But the eucalyptus will, I hope, enable me to extract some benefit from it. I think I'll lie down again." And we heard the sound of a cork restored to its bottle as Mrs. Portheris returned to the tomb. It was quite half an hour before she woke up, declaring that a whole night had passed and that she was more famished than ever. "But," she added, "I feel it impossible to go on with the candle. There is something about the wick—"

"I know," said Dicky sympathetically, "unless you are born in Greenland, you cannot really enjoy them. There is an alternative, Mrs. Portheris, but I didn't like to mention it—"

"I know," she replied, "shoe leather. I have read of that, too, and I think it would be an improvement. Have you got a pocket-knife, Mr. Dod?"

Dicky produced it without a pang and we heard the rapid sound of an unbuttoning shoe. "I had these made to order at two guineas, in the Burlington Arcade," said Mrs. Portheris regretfully.

"Then," said Dicky gravely, groping to hand her the knife, "they will be of good kid, and probably tender."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Portheris; "we must all have some. Will you—will you carve, Mr. Dod?"

I remembered with a pang how punctilious they were in England about asking gentlemen to perform this duty, and I received one more impression of the permanence of British ideas of propriety. But Dicky declined; said he couldn't undertake it—for a party, and that Mrs. Portheris must please help herself and never mind him, he would take anything there was, a little later, with great hospitality. However, she insisted, and my portion, I know, was a generous one, a slice off the ankle. Mrs. Portheris begged us to begin; she said it was so cheerless eating by one's self, and made her feel quite greedy.

"Really," she said, "it is much better than candle—a little difficult to masticate perhaps, but, if I do say it myself, quite a tolerable flavor. If I only hadn't used that abominable French polish this morning. What do you think, Mr. Dod?"

"I think," said Dicky, jumping suddenly to his feet, while my heart stood still with anticipation, "that if there's enough of that shoe left, you had better put it on again, for I hear people calling us," and then, making a trumpet with his hands, Dicky shouted till all the Roman skeletons sufficiently intact turned to listen. But this time the answer came back from their descendants, running with a flash of lanterns.

I will skip the scene of our reunion, because I am not good at matters which are moving, and we were all excessively moved. It is necessary to explain, however, that Brother Demetrius, when he went above ground, felt his lumbago so acutely that he retired to bed, and was therefore not visible when the others came up. As we had planned beforehand, the Senator decided to go on to the Jewish Catacombs, taking it for granted that we would follow, while Brother Eusebius, when he found Demetrius in bed, also took it for granted that we had gone on ahead. He did not inquire, he said, because the virtue of taciturnity being denied to them in the exercise of their business, they always diligently cultivated it in private. My own conviction was that they were not on speaking terms. Our friends and relatives, after looking at the Jewish Catacombs, had driven back to the hotel, and only began to feel anxious at tea time, as they knew the English refreshment-

rooms were closed for the season, like everything else, and Isabel asserted with tears that if her mother was above ground she would not miss her tea. So they all drove back to the Catacombs, and effected our rescue after we had been immured for exactly seven hours. I wish to add, to the credit of Mr. Richard Dod, that he has never yet breathed a syllable to anybody about the manner in which Mrs. Portheris sustained nature during our imprisonment, although he must often have been strongly tempted to do so. And neither have I—until now.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE thing that struck me on our drive to the hotel," remarked mamma, "was that Naples was almost entirely inhabited by the lower classes."

"That is very noticeable indeed," concurred Mr. Mafferton, who was also there for the first time. "The people of the place are no doubt in the country at this time of the year, but one would naturally expect to see more respectable persons about."

"Now you'll excuse me, Mafferton," said the Senator, "but that's just one of those places where I lose the trail of the English language as used by the original inventors. Where do you draw the line of distinction between people and persons?"

"It's a mere Britishism, poppa," I observed. Mr. Mafferton loathed being obliged to defend his native tongue at any point. That very morning the *modus vivendi* between us that I had done so much for Dicky's sake to establish had been imperiled by my foolish determination to know why all Englishmen pronounced "white" "wite."

"I daresay," said poppa gloomily, "but I am not on to it and I don't suppose I ever shall be. What struck me on the ride up through the city was the perambulating bath. Going round on wheels to be hired out, just the ordinary tin tub of commerce. The fellows were shouting something—'Who'll buy a wash!' I suppose. But that's the disadvantage of a foreign language, it leaves so much to the imagination."

"The goats were nice," I said, "so promiscuous. I saw one of them looking out of a window."

"And the dear little horses with bells round their necks," mamma added; "and the tall yellow houses with the stucco dropping off, and especially the fruit shops and the flower stalls that make pictures down every narrow street. Such masses of color!"

"We might have hit on a worse hotel," observed Mr. Mafferton; "very tolerable soup, to-night."

"I can't say I noticed the soup," said the Senator.

"Fact is, soup to me is just soup. I presume there are different kinds, but beyond knowing most of them from gruel I don't pretend to be a connoisseur."

"What nonsense, Alexander!" said mamma sternly.

"Some are saltier than others, Augusta, I admit. But what I was going on to say was that for clear monotony the dinner programmes ever since Paris have beaten the record. Bramley told me how it would be. Consommé, he said—that's soup—Consommé, the whole enduring time. Fish *frite* or fried, roast beef à l'Italienne or mixed up with vegetables. Beans—well, just beans, and if you don't like 'em you can leave 'em, but that fourth course is never anything but beans. After that you get a chicken cut up with lettuce, because if it was put on the table whole some disappointed investigator might find out there was nothing inside and file a complaint. Anything to support that stuffed chicken? Nope. Finishing up with a com- pote of canned fruit, mostly California pears that want more cooking, and after that cheese, if you like cheese, and coffee charged extra. Thanks to Bramley, I can't say I didn't know what to expect, but that doesn't increase the variety any. Now in America—I understand, you have been to America, sir?"

"I have traveled in the States to some extent," responded Mr. Mafferton.

"Seen Brooklyn Bridge and the Hudson, I presume. Had a look at Niagara Falls and a run out to Chicago, maybe. That was before I had the pleasure of meeting you. Got as far as the Yosemite? No; well, you were there long enough anyhow to realize that our hotels are run on the free-will system."

"I remember," said Mr. Mafferton, "all the luxuries of the coming season, printed on a card usually about a foot long, a great variety, and very difficult to understand. When I had finished trying to translate the morning paper I used to attack the card. I found that it threw quite a light upon early American civilization from the aboriginal side. 'Hominy' 'Grits,' 'Buckwheats,' 'Cantelopes,' are some of the dishes I remember. 'Succotash,' too, and 'creamed squash,' but I think they occurred at dinner generally. I used to summon the waiter, and when he came to take my orders I would ask him to derive those dishes. I had great difficulty after a time in summoning a waiter. But the plan gave me many interesting half-hours. In the end I usually ordered a chop."

"I don't want to run down your politics," poppa said, "but that's what I call being too conservative. Augusta, if you have had enough of the Bay of Naples and the moon, I might remind you of the buried city of Pompeii, which is on for to-morrow. It's a good long way out, and you'll want all your powers of endurance. I'm going down to have a smoke, and a look at the humorous publications of Italy. There's no sort of sociability about these hotels, but the head porter knows a little English."

"I suppose I had better retire," mamma admitted; "though I sometimes wish Mr. Wick wasn't so careful of my nervous system. Delicious scene! Good-night." And she too left us.

We were sitting in a narrow balcony that seemed to jut out of a horn of the city's lovely crescent. Dicky and Isabel occupied chairs at a distance nicely calculated to necessitate a troublesome raising of the voice to communicate with them. Mrs. Portheris was still confined to her room with what was understood to be the constitutional shock of her experiences in the Catacombs. Dicky, in joyful privacy, assured me that nobody could recover from a combination of Roman tallow and French kid in less than a week, but I told him he did not know the British constitution.

The moon sailed high over Naples, and lighted the lapping curve of her perfect bay in the deepest, softest

blue, and showed us some of the nearer houses of the city, sloping and shrouding, and creeping down, that they were pink and yellow and party-colored, while the rest curved and glimmered round the water in all tender tones of white holding up a thousand lamps. And behind, curving too, the hills stood clear, with the gray phantom of Vesuvius in sharp familiar lines, sending up its stream of steady red, and, now and then, a leaping flame. It was a scene to wake the latent sentiment of even a British bosom. I thought I would stay a little longer.

"So you usually ordered a chop?" I said by way of resuming the conversation. "I hope the chops were tender."

(I have a vague recollection that my intonation was.) "There are worse things in the States than the mutton," replied Mr. Mafferton, moving his chair to enable him by twisting his neck not too ostentatiously to glance occasionally at Dicky and Isabel; "but the steaks were distinctly better than the chops—distinctly."

"So all connoisseurs say," I replied respectfully. "Would you like to change seats with me? I don't mind sitting with my back to—Vesuvius."

Mr. Mafferton blushed—unless it was the glow from the volcano.

"Not on my account," he said. "By no means." "You do not fear a demonstration," I suggested, "and yet the forces of nature are very uncertain. That is your English nerve. It deserves all that is said of it."

Mr. Mafferton looked at me suspiciously. "I fancy you must be joking," he said.

He sometimes complained that the great bar to his observation of the American character was the American pseudo of humor. It was one of the things he had made a note of as interfering with the intelligent stranger's enjoyment of the country.

"I suppose," I replied reproachfully, "you never pause to think how unkind a suspicion like that is? When one wishes to be taken seriously."

"I fear I do not," Mr. Mafferton confessed. "Perhaps I jump rather hastily to conclusions sometimes. It's a family trait. We got it through the Warwick-Howards on my mother's side."

"Then, of course, there can't be any objection to it. But when one knows a person's opinion of frivolity, always to be thought frivolous by the person is hard to bear. Awfully."

And if my expression, as I gazed past this Englishman at Vesuvius, was one of sad resignation, there was nothing in the situation to exhilarate anybody.

The impassive countenance of Mr. Mafferton was disturbed by a ray of concern. The moonlight enabled me to see it quite clearly. "Pray, Miss Wick," he said, "do not think that. Who was it that wrote—"

"A little humor now and then
Is relished by the wisest men?"

"I don't know," I said, "but there's something about it that makes me think it is English in its origin. Do you really indorse it?"

"Certainly I do. And your liveliness, Miss Wick, if I may say so, is certainly one of your accomplishments. It is to some extent a racial characteristic. You share it with Mr. Dod."

I glanced in the direction of the other two. "They seem desperately bored with each other," I said. "They are not saying anything. Shall we join them?"

"Dod is probably sulking because I am monopolizing you. Mrs. Porthers, you see, has let me into the secret. By all means, if you think he ought to be humored."

"No," I said firmly, "humoring is very bad for Dicky. But I don't think he should be allowed to wreak his ill-temper on Isabel."

"I have noticed a certain lack of power to take the initiative about Miss Porthers," said Mr. Mafferton coldly, "especially when her mother is not with her. She seems quite unable to extricate herself from situations like the present."

"She is so young," I said apologetically; "and, besides, I don't think you could expect her to go quite away and leave us here together, you know. She would naturally have foolish ideas. She doesn't know anything about our irrevocable Past."

"Why should she care?" asked Mr. Mafferton hypocritically.

"Oh!" I said, "I don't know, I'm sure. Only Mrs. Porthers—"

"She is certainly a charming girl," said Mr. Mafferton.

"And so well brought up," said I.

"Yes. Perhaps a little self-contained."

"She has no need to rely upon her conversation," I observed.

"I don't know. The fact is—"

"What is the fact?" I asked softly. "After all that has passed I think I may claim your confidence, Mr. Mafferton." I had some difficulty afterward in justifying this, but it seemed entirely appropriate at the time.

"The fact is, that up to three weeks ago I believed Miss Porthers to be the incarnation of so many unassuming virtues and personal charms that I was almost ready to make a fresh bid for domestic happiness in her society. I have for some time wished to marry—"

"I know," I said sympathetically.

"But during the last three weeks I have become a little uncertain."

"There shouldn't be the slightest uncertainty," I observed.

"Marriage in England is such a permanent institution."

"I have known it to last for years, even in the United States," I sighed.

"And it is a serious responsibility to undertake to reciprocate in full the devotion of an attached wife."

"I fancy Isabel is a person of strong affections," I said; "one notices it with her mother. And any one who could dote on Mrs. Porthers would certainly—"

"I fear so," said Mr. Mafferton.

"I don't understand," I continued, "why you hesitate. But feeling as you do I wouldn't be precipitate. If that was ambiguous Mr. Mafferton did not notice it."

"I won't," he said.

"Watch the state of your own heart," I counseled. "for some little time. You may be sure that hers will not alter," and as we said good-night I further suggested

that it would be a kindness if Mr. Mafferton would join my lonely parent in the smoking-room.

I don't know what happened on the balcony after that.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MAMMA," said Isabel, as we gathered in the hotel vestibule for the start to Pompeii, "is really not fit to undertake it."

"You'll excuse me, Aunt Caroline," remarked the Senator, "but your complexion isn't by any means right yet. It's a warm day and a long drive. Just as likely as not you'll be down sick after it."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Porthers. "I thank my stars I have got no enfeebled American constitution. I am perfectly equal to it, thank you."

"It's most unwise," observed Mr. Mafferton.

"Darned—I mean extremely risky," sighed Dicky.

Mrs. Porthers faced upon them. "And pray what do you know about it?" she demanded.

Then mamma put in her oar, taking most unguardedly a privilege of relationship. "Of course, you are the best judge of how you feel yourself, Aunt Caroline, but we are told there are some steps to ascend when we get there—and you know how fleshy you are."

In the instant of ominous silence which occurred while Mrs. Porthers was getting her chin into the angle of its greatest majesty, Mr. Mafferton considerably walked to the door. When it was accomplished she looked at mamma sideways and down her nose, precisely in the manner of Mr. Du Maurier's ladies in "Punch," in the same state of mind. She might have sat or stood to him. It was another ideal realized.

"That is the latest, the very latest, Americanism which I have observed in your conversation, Augusta. In your native land it may be admissible, but please understand that I cannot permit it to be applied to me personally. To English ears it is offensive, very offensive. It is also quite improper for you to assume any familiarity with my figure. As you say, I may be aware of its corpulence, but nobody else—er—can possibly know anything about it."

Mamma was speechless, and, as usual, the Senator came to the rescue. He never will allow mamma to be trampled on, and there was distinct retaliation in his manner. "Look here, aunt," he said, "there's nothing profane in saying you're fleshy when you are, you know, and you don't need to remove so much as your bonnet strings for the general public to be aware of it. And when you come to America don't you ever insult anybody by calling her corpulent, which is a perfectly indecent expression. Now if you won't go back to bed and tranquilize your mind—on a plain soda—"

"I won't," said Mrs. Porthers.

"De carriages is all ready," said the head porter, glistening with an amiability of which we all appreciated the balm. And we entered the carriages—Mrs. Porthers and the downcast Isabel and Mr. Mafferton in one, and mamma, poppa, Dicky and I in the other. For no American would have been safe in Mrs. Porthers's carriage for at least two hours, and this came home even to Mr. Dod.

"Never again!" exclaimed mamma, as we rattled down among the narrow streets that crowd under the Funicular railway—"never again will I call that woman Aunt Caroline."

"Don't call her fleshy, my dear, that's what really irritated her," remarked the Senator. The Senator's discrimination, I have often noticed, is not the nicest thing about him.

Hours and hours it seemed to take, that drive to Pompeii. Past the ambitious confectioner with his window full of cherry pies, each cherry round and red and shining like a marble, and the plate-glass dry goods stores where ready-made costumes were displayed that looked as if they might fit just as badly as those of Westbourne Grove, and so by degrees and always down hill through narrower and shabbier streets where all the women walked bareheaded and the shops were mostly turned out on the pavement for the convenience of customers, and a good many of them went up and down in wheelbarrows; and often through narrow ways so high-walled and many-windowed that it was quite cool and dusky down below, and only a strip of sun showed far up along the roofs of one side. Here and there a wheelbarrow went strolling through these streets, too, and we saw at least one family marketing. From a little square window a prodigious way up came as we passed a cry with custom in it, and a wheelbarrow passed beneath. Then down from the window by a long rope slid a basket from the hands of a young woman leaning out in red, and the vender took the opportunity of sitting down on his barrow-handle till it arrived. Sold and a piece of paper he took out of the basket and a cabbage and onions he put in, and then it went swinging upward and he picked up his barrow again, and we rattled on and left him in housing pushing his hat back—it was not a soft felt but a billycock—to look up at the other windows. In spite of the billycock it was a picturesque and Neapolitan incident, and it left us much divided as to the contents of the piece of paper.

"My idea is," said the Senator, "that the young woman in the red jersey was the hired girl and that note was what you might call a clandestine communication."

"Since we are in Naples," remarked Mr. Dod, "I think, Senator, your deduction is correct. Where we come from a slave with any self-respect would put her sentiments on a gilt-edged correspondence card in a scented envelope with a stamp on the outside and ask you to kindly drop it into the pillar-box on your way to business, but this chimes in with all you read about Naples."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" said mamma. "Mark my words, that note was either a list of vegetables wanted, or an intimation that if they weren't going to be fresher than the last that man needn't stop for orders in future. And in a country as destitute of elevators as this one is I suppose you couldn't keep a servant a week if you didn't let her save the stairs somehow. But I must say if I were going to have cabbage and onions the same day I wouldn't like the neighbors to know it."

I entirely agreed with mamma, and was reflecting, while they talked of something else, on the injustice of considering ours the sentimental sex, when the Senator leaned forward and advised me in an undertone to make a note of the market basket.

"And take my theory to account for the piece of paper," said he; "your mother's may be the most likely, but mine is what the public will expect."

And always the shadows of the narrow streets crooked in the end into a little plaza full of sun and beggars, and lemonade stands, and hawkers of wild strawberries, and when a great bank of flowers stood just where the shadow ended sharply and the sun began it made something to remember. After that our way lay through a suburban parish fete, and we pursued it under strings and strings of little glass lanterns, red and green and blue, that swung across the streets; and there were goats and more children, and mamma vainly endeavored to keep off the smells with her parasol. Then a region of docks and masts rising unexpectedly, and many little fish shops, and a glitter of scales on the pavement, and disconnected coils of rope, and lounging men with earrings, and unkempt women with babies, and above and over all the warm scent, standing still in the sun, of hemp, and tar, and the sea.

"The city," said the Senator, casting his practiced eye on a piece of dead wall that ran along the pavement, "is evidently in the turmoil of a general election, though you mightn't notice it. It's the third time I've seen those posters '*Viva il Prefetto!*' and '*Viva l'Opposizione!*' That seems to be about all they can do, just as if we contented ourselves with yelling 'Rah for Cleveland!' 'One more for Harrison!' I must say if they haven't any more notion of business than that they don't either of 'em deserve to get there."

"In France," observed Mr. Dod, "they stick up little handbills addressed to their '*chers concitoyens*' as if votes were a lot of baa-lams and willie-boys. It makes enervating reading."

"Young man," said poppa, in a burst of feeling, "they say the American eagle might keep her beak shut with advantage more than she does; but I tell you," and the Senator's hand came down hard on Dicky's knee, "a trip around Europe is enough to turn her into a singing bird, sir, a singing bird."

I don't get my imagination entirely from mamma. "*Viva il Prefetto!*" "*Viva l'Opposizione!*" poppa repeated pityingly, as another pair of posters came in sight. "Well, it won't ever do the government of Italy any good, but I guess I'm with the *opposizione*."

The road grew emptier and sandy white, and commerce had forsaken it, but for here and there, a little shop with fat yellow bags, which were the people's cheeses, hanging in bladders at the door. Crumbled gateways began to appear, and we saw through them that the villa gardens inside ran down and dropped their rose leaves into the blue of the Mediterranean. We met the country people going their ways to town; they looked at us with friendly patronage, knowing all about us, what we had come to see, and the foolishness of it, and especially the ridiculous cost of *carozza* that take people to Pompeii. And at last, just as the sun and the jolting and the powdery white dust combined had instigated us all to suggest to the Senator how much better it would have been to come by rail, the ponies made a glad and jingling sweep under the acacias of the Hotel Diomedea, which is at the portals of Pompeii.

It seemed a casual and a cheerful place, full of open doors and proprietary Neapolitans who might have been brothers and sisters-in-law, whose conversation we interrupted coming in. There had been domestic potations; a very fat lady, with a horn comb in her hair, wiped liquid rings off the table with her apron, removing the glasses, while a collarless male person with an agreeable smile and a soft felt hat placed wooden chairs for us in a row. Poppa knows no Italian, but they seemed to understand from what he said that we wanted things to drink, and brought us with surprising accuracy precisely what each of us preferred, lemonade for mamma and me, and beverages consisting largely, though not entirely, of soda water for the Senator and Mr. Dod. While we refreshed ourselves, another, elderly, grizzled, and one-eyed, came and took up a position just outside the door opposite and sang a song of adventurous love, boxing his own ear in the chorus with the liveliest effect. A further agreeable person waited upon us and informed us that he was the interpreter, he would everything explain to us, that this was a beggar man who wanted us to give him some small money, but there was no compulsion if we did not wish to do so. I think he gave us that interpretation for nothing. The fat lady then produced a large fan which she waved over us assiduously, and the collarless man in the soft hat stood by to render aid in any emergency, smiling upon us as if we were delicacies out of season. Poppa bore it as long as he could, and we all made an unsuccessful effort to appear as if we were quite accustomed to as much attention and more in the hotels of America; but in a very few minutes we knew all the disadvantages of being of too much importance. Presently the one-eyed man gave way to a pair of players on the flute and mandolin.

"Look here," said poppa, at this, to the interpreter, "you folks are putting yourselves out on our account a great deal more than is necessary. We are just ordinary traveling public, and you don't need to entertain us with side shows that we haven't ordered any more than if we belonged to your own town. See?" But the interpreter did not see. He beckoned instead to an engaging daughter of the fat lady, who approached modestly with a large book of photographs which she opened before the Senator, kneeling beside his chair.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed poppa, "I'm not a Crowned Head! Rise, Miss Diomedea!"

Removing his cigar, he assisted the young lady to her feet and led her to a sofa at the other end of the room, where, as they turned over the photographs together, I heard him ask her if she objected to tobacco.

"You may go," said mamma to the interpreter, "and explain the scenes. Mr. Wick will enjoy them much more if he understands them." The freedom from conventional restraint which characterizes American society very seldom extends to married gentlemen.

We had to wait twenty minutes for the other party, on account of their British objection to anybody's dust. Even Mr. Mafferton looked quelled when they arrived, and Isabel quite abject, while Mrs. Porthers wore that air of justification which no circumstance could impair, which was particularly her own. She would not sit down. "It gives these people a claim on you," she said. "I did not come here to run up a hotel bill, but

to see Pompeii. Pompeii I demand to see." The players on the flute and mandolin looked at Mrs. Portheris considerably and then strolled away, and the guide, with a sorrowful glance at the landlady, put on his hat. "I can explain you everything," he said with an inflection that placed the responsibility for remaining in ignorance upon our own heads; but Mrs. Portheris waved him away with her fan.

"No," she said. "I beg that this man shall not be allowed to inflict himself upon our party. I particularly desire to form my own impression of the historic city, that city that did so much for the reputation of Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton. Besides, these people mount up ridiculously, and with servants at home on half-wages, and Consols in the state they are, one is really compelled to economize."

It was difficult to protest against Mrs. Portheris's regulations, and impossible to contravene them, so I have nothing to report of that guide but his card, which bore the name "Antonio Plicco," and his memory, which is a blank.

There was an ascent, and Mrs. Portheris mounted it proudly. I pointed out to poppa half-way up that his esteemed relative hadn't turned a hair, but he was inclined to be incredulous; said you couldn't tell what was going on in the Department of the Interior. The Senator often uses a political reference to carry him over a delicate allusion. Flowering shrubs and bushes lined the path we climbed, silent in the sunshine, dustily decorative, and at the top the turning of a key let us into a strange place. Always a strange place, however often the guide-books beat their iterations upon it, a place that leaps at imagination, peering into other days through the mists that lie between, and blinds it with a rush of light—the place where they have gathered together what was left of the dead Pompeians and their world. There they lay before us for our wonderment as they ran, and tripped, and struggled, and fell in the night of that day when they and the gods together were overwhelmed, and they died as they thought in the end of time. And through an open door Vesuvius sent up its eternal gentle woolly curl against the daylight sky, and vineyards thrrove, and birds sang, and we, who had survived the gods, came curious to look. The figures lay in glass cases, and Dicky remarked, with unusual seriousness, that it was like a dead-house.

"Except," said poppa, "that in this mortuary there isn't ever going to be anybody who can identify the remains. When you come to think of it—that's kind of hard."

"No chance of Christian burial once you get into a museum," said Dick with solicitude.

"I should like," remarked Mrs. Portheris, polishing her pince-nez to get a better view of a mother and daughter lying on their faces—"I should like to see the clergyman who would attempt it. These people were heathen, and richly deserved their fate. Richly!"

Momma looked at her husband's aunt Caroline with indignant scorn. "Do you really think so?" she asked; but we could all see that her words were a very inadequate expression for her emotions.

Mrs. Portheris drew all the guns of her orthodoxy into line for battle. "I am surprised," she began, and then the Senator politely but firmly interfered.

"Ladies," he said, "De Mortuis nisi bonum, which is to say it isn't customary to slang corpses, especially, as you may say, in their presence. I guess we can all be thankful, anyhow, that heathens nowadays have got a cooler earth to live in," and that for the moment was the end of it; but momma still gazed commiseratingly at the figures, with a suspicious tendency to look for her handkerchief.

"It's too terrible," she said; "we can actually see their features."

"Don't let them get on your nerves, Augusta," suggested poppa.

"I won't if I can help it. But when you see their clothes and their hair and realize—"

"It happened over eighteen hundred years ago, my dear, and most of them got away."

"That didn't make it any better for those who are now before us," and momma used her handkerchief threateningly, though it was only in connection with her nose.

"Well, now, Augusta, I hate to destroy an illusion like that, because they're not to be bought with money; but since you're determined to work yourself up over these unfortunates, I've got to expose them to you. They're not the genuine remains you take them for. They're mere worthless imitations."

"Alexander," said momma suspiciously, "you never hesitate to tamper with the truth if you think it will make me any more comfortable. I don't believe you."

"All right," returned the Senator, "when we get home you ask Bramley. It was Bramley that put me on to it. Whenever one of those Pompeii fellows dropped, the ashes kind of caked over him, and in the course of time there was a hole where he had been. See? And what you're looking at is just a collection of those holes filled up with composition and then dug out. Mere holes!"

"The illusion is dreadfully perfect," sighed momma. "Fancy dying like a baked potato in hot ashes! Somehow, Alexander, I don't seem able to get over it," and momma gazed with distressed fascination at the grim form of the negro porter.

"We've got no proper grounds for coming to that conclusion, either," replied poppa firmly. "Just as likely they were suffocated by the gas that came up out of the ground."

"Oh! if I could think that," momma exclaimed, with relief. "But if I find you've been deceiving me, Alexander, I'll never forgive you. It's too solemn!"

"You ask Bramley," I heard the Senator reply. "And now come and tell me if this loaf of bread somebody baked eighteen hundred and twenty something years ago isn't exactly the same shape as the Naples bakers are selling right now."

"Daughter," said momma as she went, "I hope you are taking copious notes. This is the wonder of wonders that we behold to-day."

I said I was, and I wandered over to where Mrs. Portheris examined with Mr. Mafferton an egg that was laid on the last day of Pompeii. Mrs. Portheris was asking Mr. Mafferton in her most impressive manner if it was not too wonderful to have positive proof that

fowls laid eggs then just as they do now; and I made a note of that too. Dicky and Isabel bemoaned the fate of the immortal dog who still bites his flank in the pain extinguished so long ago. I hardly liked to disturb them, but I heard Dicky say as I passed that he didn't mind much about the humans, they had their chance, but this poor little old tyke was tied up, and that on the part of Providence was playing it low down.

Then we all stepped out into the empty streets of Pompeii, and Mr. Mafferton read to us impressively, from Murray, the younger Pliny's letter to Tacitus describing its great disaster. The Senator listened thoughtfully, for Pliny goes into all kinds of interesting details. "I haven't much acquaintance with the classics," said he, as Mr. Mafferton finished, "but it strikes me that the modern New York newspaper was the medium to do that man justice. It's the most remarkable case I've noticed of a good reporter born before his time."

"A terrible retribution," said Mrs. Portheris, looking severely at the Tavern of Phœbus, forever empty of wine-bibbers. "They worshipped Jupiter, I understand, and other deities even less respectable. Can we wonder that a volcano was sent to destroy them! One thing we may be quite sure of—if the city had only turned from its wickedness and embraced Christianity this never would have happened."

Momma compressed her lips and then relaxed them again to say, "I think that idea perfectly ridiculous." I scented battle and hung upon the issue, but the Senator for the third time interposed.

"Why, no, Augusta," he said, "I guess that's a working hypothesis of Aunt Caroline's. Here's Vesuvius smokin' away ever since just the same, and there's Naples with a bishop and the relics of Saint Januarius. You can read in your guide-book that whenever Vesuvius has looked as if he meant business for the past few hundred years the people of Naples have simply called on the bishop to take out the relics of Saint Januarius and walk 'em round the town; and that's always been enough for Vesuvius. Now the Pompeii folks didn't know a saint or a bishop by sight, and Jupiter, as Aunt Caroline says, was never properly qualified to interfere. That's how it was, I presume. I don't suppose the people of Naples take much stock in the laws of nature; they don't have to, with Januarius in a drawer. And real estate keeps booming right along."

"You have an extraordinary way of putting things," remarked Mrs. Portheris to her nephew, "very extraordinary. But I am glad to hear that you agree with me," and she looked as if she did not understand momma's acquiescent smile.

We went in several ways to see the baths, and the Comic Theater, the bakehouse and the gymnasium; and I had a little walk by myself in the Street of Abundance, where the little empty houses waited patiently on either side for those to return who had gone out, and the sun lay full on their floors of dusty mosaic, and their garden where nothing grew. It seemed to me, as it seemed to everybody, that Pompeii was not dead, but asleep, and that her tints were so clear and gay that her dreams might be those of a ballet-girl. A solitary yellow dog chased a lizard in the sun, and the pebbles he knocked about made an absurdly disturbing noise. Beyond the vague tinted roofless walls that stretched over the pleasant little peninsula, the blue sea rippled tenderly, remembering much delight, and the place seemed to smile in its sleep. It was easy to understand why Cicero chose to have his villa in the midst of such light-heartedness, and why the gods, perhaps, decided that they had lent too much laughter to Pompeii. I made free of the hospitality of Cornelius Rufus and sat for a while in his *exedra*, where he himself, in marble on a little pillar in the middle of the room, made me as welcome as if I had been a client or a neighbor. We considered each other across the centuries, making mutual allowances, and spent the most sociable half-hour. I take a personal interest in the city's disaster now—it overwhelmed one of my friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the Lungarno in Florence, in the cool of the evening, we walked together, the Senator, momma, Dicky, and I. Dicky radiated depression, if such a thing is atmospherically possible; we all moved in it. Mr. Dod had been banished from the Portheris party, and he groaned over the reflection that it was his own fault. At Pompeii I had exerted myself in his interest to such an extent that Mr. Mafferton detached himself from Mrs. Portheris and attached himself to momma for the drive home. Little did I realize that one could be too agreeable in a good cause. Dicky insinuated himself with difficulty into Mr. Mafferton's vacant place opposite Mrs. Portheris, and even before the carriages started I saw that he was going to have a bad time. His own version of the experience was painful in the extreme, and he represented the climax as having occurred just as they arrived at the hotel. The unfortunate youth must have been goaded to his fate, for his general attitude toward matters of orthodoxy was most discreet.

"There is something *Biblical*," said Mrs. Portheris (so Dicky related), "that those Pompeian remains remind me of, and I cannot think what it is."

"Lot's wife, mamma?" said Isabel.

"Quite right, my child—what a memory you have! That wretched woman who stopped to look back at the city where careless friends and relatives were enjoying themselves, indifferent to their coming fate, in direct disobedience to the command. Of course, she turned to salt, and these people to ashes, but she must have looked very much like them when the process was completed."

That was Dicky's opportunity for restraint and submission, but he seemed to have been physically unable to take it. He rushed, instead, blindly to perdition. "I don't believe that yarn," he said.

There was a moment's awful silence, during which Dicky said he counted his heart's beats and felt as if he had announced himself an atheist or a Jew, and then his sentence fell.

"In that case, Mr. Dod, I must infer that you are opposed to the doctrine of the complete inspiration of Holy Writ. If you do not believe in that, I shudder to think of what you may not believe in. I will say no more now, but after dinner I will be obliged to speak

to you for a few minutes, privately. Thank you, I can get out without assistance."

And after dinner, privately, Dicky learned that Mrs. Portheris had for some time been seriously considering the effect of his, to her, painfully flippancy views, upon the opening mind of her daughter—the child had only been out six months—and that his distressing announcement of this morning left her in no further doubt as to her path of duty. She would always endeavor to have as kindly a recollection of him as possible, he had really been very obliging, but for the present she must ask him to make some other traveling arrangements. Cook, she believed, would always change one's tickets less the per cent, but she would leave that to Dicky. And she hoped, she *sincerely* hoped, that time would improve his views. When that was accomplished she trusted he would write and tell her, but not before.

"And while I'm getting good, and ready to pass an examination in Noah, Jonah, and Methuselah," remarked Dicky bitterly, as we discussed the situation on the Lungarno for the seventh time that day, "Mr. Mafferton sails in."

"Why didn't you tell her plainly that you wanted to marry Isabel, and would brook no opposition?" I demanded, for my stock of sympathy was getting low.

"Now that's a valuable suggestion, isn't it?" returned Mr. Dod with sarcasm. "Good old psychological moment that was, wasn't it? Talk about girls having tact! Besides, I've never told Isabel herself yet, and I'm not the American to give in to the effete and decaying custom of asking a girl's papa, or mama if it's a case of widow, first. Not Richard Dod."

"What on earth," I exclaimed, "have you been doing all this time?"

"Now, go slow, Mamie, and don't look at me like that. I've been trying to make her acquainted with me—explaining the kind of fellow I am—getting solid with her. See?"

"Showing her the beauties of your character!" I exclaimed derisively.

"I said something about the defects, too," said Dicky modestly, "though not so much. And I was getting on beautifully, though it isn't so easy with an English girl. They don't seem to think it's proper to analyze your character. They're so maidenly."

"And so enterprising," I said; but I said it to myself.

Isabel was actually beginning to lead up to the subject," Dicky went on. "She asked me the other day if it was true that all American men were flirts. In another week I should have felt that she would know what was proposing to her."

"And you were going to wait another week?"

"Well, a man wants every advantage," said Dicky blandly.

"Did you explain to Isabel that you were only joining our party in the hope of meeting her accidentally soon again?"

"What else," asked he in pained surprise, "should I have joined it for? No, I didn't; I hadn't the chance, for one thing. You took the first train back to Rome next morning, you know. She wasn't up."

"True," I responded. "Mamma said not another hour of her husband's Aunt Caroline would she ever willingly endure. She said she would spend her entire life, if necessary, in avoiding the woman." But Dicky had not followed the drift of my thought.

I added vaguely, "I hope she will understand it"—I really couldn't be more definite—and bade Mr. Dod good-night. He held my hand absent-mindedly for a moment, and mentioned the effectiveness of the Ponte Vecchio from that point of view.

"I didn't feel bound to change my tickets less ten per cent," he said hopefully, "and we're sure to come across them early and often. In the meantime don't you think you could try and soften me a little—about Lot's wife?"

Next day, in the Uffizi, it was no surprise to meet the Misses Bingham. We had a guilty consciousness of fellow-citizenship as we recognized them, and did our best to look as if two weeks were quite long enough to be forgotten in, but they seemed charitable and forgiving on this account, said they had looked out for us everywhere, and *had* we seen the cuttings in the Vatican?

"The statues, you know," explained Miss Cora kindly, seeing that we did not comprehend. "Marvelous—simply marvelous! We enjoyed nothing so much as the marble department. It takes it out of you, though—we were awfully done afterward."

I wondered what Phidias would have said to the "cuttings," and whether Miss Bingham imagined it a Criticism. It also occurred to me that one should never mix one's colloquialisms; but that, of course, did not prevent their coming round with us. I believe they did it partly to diffuse their guide among a larger party. He was hanging, as they came up, upon Miss Cora's reluctant ear, so to speak, and she was mechanically saying "Yes! yes! yes!" to his representations. "I suppose," said she inadvertently, "there is no way of preventing their giving one information," and after that when she hospitably pressed the guide upon us we felt at liberty to be unappreciative.

I regret to write it of two maiden ladies of good New York family, and a knowledge of the world; but the Misses Bingham capitulated to Dicky Dod with a promptness and unanimity which would have been very bad for him if nobody had been there to counteract its effects. He walked between them through the vestibules, absorbing a flow of tribute from each side with a complacency which his recent trying experiences made all the more profound. There was always a something, Miss Nancy declared, about an American who had made his home in England—you could always tell. "In your case, Mr. Dod, there is an association of Bond Street. I can't describe it, but it is there. I hope you don't mind my saying so."

"Oh, no," said Dicky, "I guess it's my tailor. He lives in Bond Street," but this was artless and not ironical.

Miss Cora went further. "I should have taken Mr. Dod for an Englishman," she said, at which the miscalculated Mr. Dod looked alarmed.

"Is that so?" he responded. "Then I'll book my passage back at once. I've been over there too long. You see I've been kind of obliged to stay for reasons

connected with the firm, but you ladies can take my word for it that when you get through this sort of ridiculous veneer I've picked up you'll find a regular, all-wool and a-yard-wide city-of-Chicago American, and I'm bound to ask you not to forget it. This English way of talking is a thing that grows on a fellow unconsciously, don't you know. It wears off when you get home."

At which Miss Cora and Miss Nancy looked at each other smilingly and repeated, "Don't you know" in derisive echo, and we all felt that our young friend had been too modest about his acquirements.

"But we mustn't neglect our old masters," cried Miss Nancy, as those of the first corridor began to slip past us on the walls with no desire to interrupt. "What do you think of this Greek Byzantine style, Mr. Wick? Somehow it doesn't seem to appeal to me, though whether it's the flatness—or what?"

"It is flat, certainly," agreed the Senator, "but that's a very popular style of angel for Christmas cards—the more expensive kinds. Here, I suppose, we get the original."

"That is Tuscan school, sir—madam," put in the guide, "and not angel—Saint Cecilia. Fourteenth century, but we do not know that artist's name. In the book you will see Cimabue, but it is not Cimabue—unknown artist."

"Dear me!" cried mamma. "Saint Cecilia, of course. Don't you remember her expression—in the Catacombs?"

"She's sweet, always and everywhere," said Miss Cora, as we moved on, leaving the guide explaining Saint Cecilia with his hands behind his back. "And you did go to Capri after all? Now I wonder, Nancy, if they had our experience about the oysters?"

"A horrid little man!" cried mamma.

"Who showed you the way to the steamer—?"

"And hung around doing things the whole enduring time," continued my parent, as Mark Antony's daughter turned her head aside, and Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, frowned upon our passing.

"He must have been our man," cried both the Misses Bingham, with excitement.

"In the manner of Taddeo Gaddi," interrupted the guide, surprising us on the flank with a Holy Family.

"All right," said the Senator. "Well, this fellow proposed to bring our party oysters on the steamer, and we took him, of course, for the steward's tout—"

"Exactly what we thought."

"Since you are going to tell the story, Alexander, I may remind you that he said they were the best in the world," remarked mamma, with several degrees of frost.

"My dear, the anecdote is yours. But you remember I told him they wouldn't be in it with Blue Points."

"Now what," exclaimed Miss Nancy, with excitement, "did he ask you for them?"

"Three francs a head, Nancy, wasn't it, Mrs. Wick? And you gave the order, and the man disappeared. And you thought he'd gone to get them; at least, we did. Nancy here had perfect confidence in him. She said he had such doglike eyes, and we were both perfectly certain they would be served when the steamer stopped at the Blue Grotto—" Miss Cora paused to smile.

"But they weren't," suggested mamma feebly.

"No, indeed, and hadn't the slightest intention of being," Miss Nancy took up the tale. "Not until we were taking off our gloves in the hotel veranda, and making up our minds to a good hot lunch, did those oysters appear—exactly half a dozen, and bread and butter extra! And we couldn't say we hadn't ordered them. And the lunch was only two, fifty, complete. But we felt we ought to content ourselves with the oysters, though, of course, you wouldn't, with gentlemen in your party. Now, what course did you pursue, Mrs. Wick?"

"Really," said mamma distantly, "I don't remember. I believe we had enough to eat. Surely that is little Moses being taken from the bulrushes! How it adds to one's interest to recognize the subject."

"By B. Luti," responded Miss Nancy. "I hope he isn't very well known, for I never heard of him before. Now, there's a Domenichino; I can tell it from here. I do love Domenichino, don't you?"

I suppose the Senator knew that mamma didn't love Domenichino, and would possibly be at a loss to say why; at all events, he remarked that, talking of Capri, he hoped the Misses Bingham had not felt as badly about inconveniencing the donkeys that took them to the top of the cliff as mamma had. "Mrs. Wick," he informed them, "rode an ass by the name of Michelangelo, perfectly accustomed to the climate, and, do you believe it, she held her parasol over that animal's head the whole way." At which everybody laughed, and mamma, invested with an original and amiable weakness, was appeased.

"Of Michelangelo we have not here much," said the guide patiently. "Drawings, yes, and one Holy Family—magnificent! But all in another room 'wich—"

"Now what Bramley said about the Uffizi was this," continued the Senator. "You'll see on those walls," he said, "the latest picture show in the world, both for pedigree and quality of goods displayed. I'd go as far as to say they're all worth looking at, even those that have been presented to the institution. But don't you look at them," Bramley said. "As a whole, you keep all your absorbing power for one apartment," he said—"the Tribune. You'll want it." Bramley gave me to understand that it wasn't any use, he didn't profess to be able to describe his sublimer emotions, but when he sat down in the Tribune he had a sort of instinctive idea that he'd got the cream of it—he didn't want to go any further."

We decided, therefore, in spite of such minor attractions as those of Niobe and her daughters, at once to achieve the Tribune, feeling, as poppa said, that it would be most unfortunate to have our admiration all used up before we reached it. The guide led the way, and it was beguiled with the fascinating experience of the Misses Bingham, who had met Queen Marguerite driving in the Villa Borghese at Rome and had received a bow from her Majesty of which nothing would ever be able to deprive them. "Of course, we drew up to let her pass," said Miss Nancy. "and were careful not to make ourselves in any way conspicuous, merely standing up in the carriage as an ordinary mark of respect,

And she looked charming all in pink and white with a faded old maid of honor that set her off beautifully, didn't she, Cora? And such a pretty smile she gave us—they say she likes the better class of Americans."

"Oh, we've nothing to regret about Rome," rejoined Cora. "Even Peter's toe. I wouldn't have kissed it at the time if the guide hadn't said it was really Jupiter's. I was sure our dear vicar wouldn't mind my kissing Jupiter's toe. But now I'm glad I did it in any case. People always ask you that."

When we arrived at the little octagonal treasure chamber Mr. Dod and Miss Cora sat down together on one of the less conspicuous sofas, and I saw that Dicky was already warmed to confidence. Mamma at once gave up her soul to the young St. John, having had an engraving of it ever since she was a little girl, and the Senator went solemnly from canvas to canvas on tiptoe with a mind equally open to Job and the Fornarina. He assured Miss Nancy and me that Bramley was perfectly right in thinking everything of the Tribune, and with reference to the Dancing Faun, that it was worth a visit to see Michelangelo's notion of executing repairs to statuary alone. He gave the place the benefit of his most serious attention, pulling his beard a good deal before Titian's Venus (which poppa always did in connection with this goddess, however, entirely apart from the merit of the paintings), and obviously making allowances for her of Medici on account of her great age. At the end of the hour we spent there it had the same effect upon him as upon Colonel Bramley, he did not wish to go any further; and we parted from the Misses Bingham, who did. As I said good-by to Miss Cora she gave my hand a subtly sympathetic pressure, whispered tenderly, "He's very nice," and roughly escaped before I could ask who was, or what difference it made. Having thought it over I took the first opportunity of inquiring of Dicky how much of his private affairs he had unbundled to Miss Cora.

"Oh," said he, "hardly anything. She knows a former young lady friend of mine in Syracuse—we still exchange Christmas cards—and that led me on to say I thought of getting married this winter. Of course, I didn't mention Isabel."

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT of indulgence to Dicky we lingered in Florence three or four days longer than was at all convenient, considering, as the Senator said, the amount of ground we had to cover before we could conscientiously recross the Channel. But neither poppa nor mamma were people to desert a fellow-countryman in distress in foreign parts, especially in view of this one's pathetic reliance upon our sympathy and support, as a family. We all did our best toward the distraction of what mamma called his poor mind, though I cannot say that we were very successful. His poor mind seemed wholly taken up with one anticipative idea, and whatever failed to minister to that he hadn't, as poppa sadly said, any use for. The cloisters of San Marco had no healing for his spirit, and when we directed his attention to the solitary painting on the wall with which Fra Angelico made a shrine of each of its monastic cubicles he merely remarked that it was more than you got in most hotels, and turned joyously away. Even the charred stick that helped to martyr Savonarola left him cold. He said, indifferently, that it was only the natural result of mixing up politics and religion, and that certain Chicago ministers who supported Cleveland from the pulpit might well take warning. But his words were apathetic; he did not really care whether those Chicago ministers went to the stake or not. We stood him before the bronze gates of Ghiberti, and walked him up and down between rows of works in *Pietra dura*, but without any permanent effect, and when he contemplated the consecrated residences of Cimabue and Cellini we could see that his interest was perfunctory, and that out of the corner of his eye he really considered passing frescoes. I read to him aloud from "Romola," and mamma bought him an English and Italian washing book that he might keep a record of his *camici* and his *fazzoletti*—it would be so interesting afterward she thought—while the Senator exerted himself in the way of cheerful conversation, but it was very discouraging. Even when we dined at the fashionable open-air restaurant in the Cascine, with no less a person than Ouida, in a fluff of gray hair and black lace at the next table, and the most distinguished gambler of the Italian aristocracy presenting a narrow back to us from the other side, he permitted poppa to compare the quality of the beef fillets unfavorably with those of New York in silence, and drank his Chianti with a lack-luster eye.

Toward the end of the week, however, Dicky grew remorseful. "It's all very well," he said to me privately, "for Mrs. Wick to say that she could spend a lifetime in Florence if the houses only had a few modern conveniences. I daresay she could—and as for your poppa, he's as patient as if this were a Washington hotel and he had a caucus every night, but it's as plain as Dante's nose that the Senator's dead sick of this city."

"Dicky," I said, "that is a reflection of your own state of mind. Poppa is willing to take as much more Botticelli and Filippo Lippi as it may be necessary to give him."

"Oh, I know he would," Dicky admitted, "but he isn't as young as he was, and I should hate to feel I was imposing on him. Besides, I'm beginning to conclude that they've skipped Florence."

So it came to pass that we departed for Venice next day, tarrying one night at Bologna. We had cut a day off Bologna for Dicky's sake, but the Senator could not be persuaded to sacrifice it altogether, on account of its well-known manufacture, into the conditions of which he wished to inquire. The shops, as we drove to the hotel, seemed to expose nothing else for sale, but poppa said that, in spite of the local consumption, it had certainly fallen off, and as an official representative of one of its great rivals in the west, he naturally felt a commercial interest in the state of the industry. The hotel had a little courtyard, with an orange tree in the middle and palms in pots, and we came down the wide marble stairs, past the statues on the landing and the paintings on the walls, to find dinner laid on round tables out there. I remember. A note of mamma's occurs here to the effect that there is a great deal too

much fine art in Italian hotels, with a reference to the fact that the one at Naples had the whole of Pompeii painted on the dining-room walls. She considers this practice embarrassing to the public mind, which has no way of knowing whether to admire these things or not, though personally we boldly decided to scorn them all. This, however, has nothing to do with poppa and the commercial traveler. We knew he was a commercial traveler by the way he put his toothpick in his pocket, though poppa said afterward that he was not exceptionally endowed for that line of business. He was dining at our table, and by his gratified manner when we sat down it was plain that he could speak English and would be very pleased to do so. Poppa, knowing that his time was short, began at once.

"You belong to Bologna, sir?" he inquired with his first spoonful of soup. For some reason it seems impossible to address a stranger at a table d'hôte before the soup takes the baldness off the situation.

The gentleman smiled. He had a broad, open, amiable red face, with a short black beard and a round head covered with thick hair in curls, beautifully parted. "I do not think I belong," he said, "my house of business, it is at Milan, and I am born at Finalmarina. But I come much to Bologna, yes."

"Where did you say you were born?" asked the Senator.

"Finalmarina. You did not go to there, no? I am sorry."

"It does seem a pity," replied poppa, "but we've been obliged to pass a considerable number of your commercial centers, sir. This city, I presume, has large manufacturing interests?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose. You've seen that San Petronio, you cannot help. Very enorm! More big than San Peter in Rome. But not complete since fourteenth century. In America you've nothing unfinish, is it not?"

"Far as that goes," said poppa, "we generally manage to complete our contracts within the year: as a rule, I may say within the building season. But I have seen one or two Roman Catholic churches left with the scaffolding hanging round the ceiling for a good deal longer, the altar all fixed up too, and public worship going on just as usual. It seems to be a way they have. Well, sir, I knew Bologna, by reputation, better than any other Italian city, for years. Your local manufacture did the business. As a boy at school, there was nothing I was more fond of for my dinner. Forty years ago, sir, the interest was created that brings me here to-day."

The commercial traveler bowed with much gratification. In the meantime he had presented a card to mamma, which informed her that Ricardo Bellini represented the firm of Isapetti & Co., Milan, Artificial Flowers and Lace.

"Forty years, that is a long time to remember Bologna; I cannot say that forty years I remember New York. You will not believe!" He was obviously not more than thirty, so this was vastly humorous. "Twenty years, yes, twenty years I will say! And have you seen San Stefano? Seven churches in one! Also the most old. And having forty Jerusalem martyrs."

"Forty years would go a long way in relics," the Senator observed with discouragement, "but my remarks had reference to the Bologna sausage, sir."

"Sausage—ah! *mortadella*—yes, they make here I believe," Mr. Bellini held up his knife and fork to enable his plate to be changed, and looked darkly at the succeeding course. "But every Italian cannot like that dish. I eat him never. You will not find in this hotel no." His manner indicated a personal hostility to the Bologna sausage, but the Senator did not seem to notice it.

"You don't say so! Local consumption going off too, eh? Now how do you explain that?"

Mr. Bellini shrugged his shoulders. "It is much eat by the poor people. They will always have that *mortadella*."

"That looks," said the Senator thoughtfully, "like the production of an inferior article. But not necessarily, not necessarily of course."

"Bologna it is very ecclesiastic," Mr. Bellini addressed my other parent, recovering a smile. "We have produced here six Popes. It is the fame of Bologna."

"You seem to think a great deal of producing Popes in Italy," mamma replied coldly. "I should consider it a terrible responsibility."

"Now do you suppose," said poppa confidentially, "that the idea of trichinosis had anything to do with slackening the demand?"

Mr. Bellini threw his head back, and passionately replaced a section of biscuit and cheese in the middle of his plate.

"I know nosing, any more than you! Why you speak me always that Bologna sausage! *Fazienza!* What is it that sausage to make the agreeable conversation!"

"Sir," exclaimed the Senator with astonishment and equal heat, "you don't seem to be aware of it, but at one time the Bologna sausage ruled the world!"

Mr. Bellini, however, could evidently not trust himself to discuss the matter further. He rose precipitately with an outraged, impersonal bow, and left the table, abandoning his biscuit and cheese, his half-finished bottle of Rudesheimer and the figs that were to follow, with the indifference of a lofty nature.

"I'm sorry I spoiled his dinner," said poppa with concern, "but if a man can't talk about Bologna sausages, what can he talk about?"

It made the Senator reticent, though, as to sausages of any kind, with the other commercial traveler—the hotel was full of them, and we found it very entertaining after the barren dining-rooms of Southern Italy—with whom we breakfasted. We spoke to this one exclusively about the architectural and historic features of the city, in a manner which forbade any approach to gastronomic themes, and while the second commercial traveler regarded him with great respect, it must be confessed that the conversation languished. Dicky might have helped us out, but Dicky was following his usual custom of having rooms in one hotel and covering as many others as possible with his meals, in the hope of an accidental meeting. This was excellent as a distraction for his mind, but since it occasionally

led him into three dejeuner and two dinners, rather bad, we feared, for other parts of him. He had confided his design to me; he intended, on meeting Isabel's eye, to turn very pale, abruptly terminate his repast, ask for his hat and stick, and walk out with conspicuous agitation. As to the course he meant to pursue afterward he was vague; the great thing was to make an impression upon Isabel. We differed about the nature of the impression. Dicky took it for granted that she would be profoundly affected, but he made no allowance for the way in which maternal vigilance like that of Mrs. Portheris can discourage the imagination.

Poppa made two further attempts to inform himself upon the leading manufacturing interest of Bologna. He inquired of the Padrone, who was pleased to hear that Bologna had a leading manufacturing interest, and when my parent asked where he could see the process, pointed out several shops in the Piazza Maggiore. One of these the Senator visited, note-book in hand, and was shown, with great alacrity, every variety of *mortadella*, from delicacies the size of a finger to mottled conceptions as thick as a small barrel. He found a difficulty in explaining, however, even with an Italian phrase-book; that it was the manufacture only about which he was curious and that, admirable as the result might be, he did not wish to buy any of it. When the latter fact finally made itself plain, the proprietor became truculent and gave us, although he spoke no English, so vivid an idea of the inconsistency of our presence in his premises that we retired in all the irritation of the well-meaning and misunderstood. The Senator, however, who had absolute confidence in his phrase-book, saw a deeper significance in the remarkable unwillingness of the people of Bologna to expatiate upon the feature which had given them fame. "The fact is," said he gloomily, restoring his note-book to his inside pocket as we entered the terra-cotta doorway of St. Catarina, "they're not anxious to let a stranger into the know of it." And this conviction remaining with him still inspires the Senator with a contemptuous pity for the porcine methods of a people who refuse to submit them to the light of day and the observations of the world at large.

CHAPTER XIX.

So far, momma said she had every reason to be pleased with the effect on her mind. About the Senator's she would not commit herself, beyond saying that we had a great deal to be thankful for in that his health hadn't suffered, in spite of the indigestibility of that eternal French twist and honey that you were obliged on the Continent to begin the day with. She hoped, I think, that the Senator had absorbed other things besides the French twist equally unconsciously, with beneficial results, that would appear later. He said himself that it was well worth anybody's while to make the trip, if only in order to be better satisfied with America for the rest of his life; but why people belonging to the United States and the nineteenth century should want to spend whole summers in the Middle Ages he failed to understand. Both my parents, however, looked forward to Venice with enthusiasm. Momma expected it to be the realization of all her dreams, and poppa decided that it must, at all events, be unique. It couldn't have any Arno or any Campagna in the nature of things—that would be a change—and it was not possible to the human mind, however sophisticated, with a lifelong experience of street cars and herdies, to stroll up and take a seat in a gondola and know exactly what would happen—where the fare-box was and everything, and whether they took Swiss silver, and if a gentleman in a crowded gondola was expected to give up his seat to a lady and stand. Poppa, as a stranger and unaccustomed to the motion, hoped this would not be the case, but I knew him well enough to predict that if it were so he would vindicate American gallantry at all risks.

Thus it was that, from the moment momma put her head out of the car window, after Mestre, and exclaimed, "It's getting waterier and waterier," Venice was the source of the completest joy and satisfaction to both my parents. Dicky and I took it with the more moderate appreciation natural to our years, but it gave us the greatest pleasure to watch the simple and unrestrained delight of momma and poppa, and to revert, as it were, in their experience, to what our own enjoyment might have been had we been born when they were. "No express agents, no delivery carts, no baggage checks," murmured poppa, as our trunks glided up to the hotel steps, "but it gets there all the same." This was the keynote of his admiration—everything got there all the same. The surprise of it was repeated every time anything got there, and was only dashed once when we saw brown-paper parcels being delivered by a boy at the back door of the Palazzo Balbi, who had evidently walked all the way. The Senator commented upon that boy and his groceries as an inconsistency, and thereafter carefully closed his eyes to the fact that even our own hotel, which faced upon the Grand Canal, had communications to the rear by which its guests could explore a large part of commercial Venice without going in a gondola at all. The canals were the only highways he would recognize, and he went three times to St. Maria della Salute, which was immediately opposite, for the sake of crossing the street in the Venetian way. Momma became really hopeful about the stimulus to his imagination; she told him so. "It appeals to you, Alexander," she said. "Its poetry comes home to you—you needn't deny it," and poppa cordially admitted it.

"Yes," he said, "Ruskin, according to the guide-book, doesn't seem as if he could say too much about this city, and Bramley was just the same. They're both right, and if we were going to be here long enough I'd be like that myself. There's something about it that makes you willing to take a lot of trouble to describe it. There's no use saying it's the canals, or the reflections in the water, or the bridges, or the pigeons, or the gargoyles, or the gondolas—"

"Or Salvati, or Jesurum," said momma, in lighter vein.

"Your memory, Augusta, for the names of old masters is perfectly wonderful," continued poppa placidly. "Or Salvati, or Jesurum, or what. But there's a kind of local spell about this place—"

"There are various kinds of local smells," interrupted Dicky, whom Mrs. Portheris still evaded; but this levity received no encouragement from the Sena-

tor. He said, instead, that he hadn't noticed them himself. For his part he had come to Venice to use his eyes, not his nose; and Dicky, thus discouraged, faded visibly upon his stem.

I could see that poppa was still strongly under the influence of the Venetian sentiment when he invited me to go out in a gondola with him after dinner, and pointedly neglected to suggest that either momma or Dicky should come too. I had a presentiment of his intention. If I have seemed, thus far, to omit all reference to Mr. Page in Boston, since we left Paris, it is, first, because I believe it is not considered necessary in a book of travels to account for every half-hour, and second, because I privately believed him to be in correspondence with the Senator the whole time, and hesitated to expose his duplicity. I had given poppa opportunities for confessing this clandestine business, but in his paternal wisdom he had not taken them. I was not prepared, therefore, to be very responsive when, from a mere desire to indulge his sense of the fitness of things, poppa endeavored to probe my sentiments with regard to Mr. Page by moonlight on the Grand Canal. To begin with, I wasn't sure of them—so much depended upon what Arthur had been doing; and besides, I felt that that perfect confidence which should exist between father and daughter had already been a good deal damaged at the paternal end. So when poppa said that it must seem to me like a dream, so much had happened since the day momma and I left Chicago at twenty-four hours' notice, six weeks ago, I said no, for my part I had felt pretty wide awake all the time; a person had to be, I ventured to add, with no more time to waste upon Southern Europe than we had.

"You mean you've been sleeping pretty badly," said the Senator sympathetically.

"Where was it," I inquired, "you would give us pounded crop and cream for supper after we'd been to hear masses for the repose of somebody's soul? That was a bad night, but I don't think I've had any others. On the contrary."

"Oh, well," said poppa, "it's a good thing it isn't undermining your constitution," but he looked as if it were rather a disappointment.

"The American constitution can stand a lot of transportation," I remarked. "Railways live on that fact. I've heard you say so yourself, Senator."

Then there was an interval during which the oars of the gondoliers dipped musically, and the moon made a golden pathway to the marble steps of the Palazzo Contarina. Then poppa said, "I referred to the object of our tour."

"The object of our tour wasn't to undermine my constitution," I replied. "It was to write a book—don't you remember? But it's some time since you made any suggestions. If you don't look out, the author of that volume will practically be momma."

(Concluded next week.)

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THE LOOSING OF THE LION'S WHELPS.

Being the Story of the Boy with the Violet Eyes, and the Mutiny of Christmas Eve.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

PART ONE.

THE captain had just emerged from the doorway under the poop, and a thousand and one restless eyes focused themselves upon him and upon the small boy who stood before him.

The captain had just had his lunch and a cigarette and black coffee, and was feeling good toward himself and the world generally. Not that he was in the habit of feeling very much otherwise. But with five hundred of the most skittish young monkeys in the world under his supreme control, for every one of whom he was answerable to the powers that be, the captain found a tight hand on the reins as necessary to his position as the heavily-worked gold peak to his cap, or the triple row of broad gold bands round his cuffs.

There was no more genial face aboard than the captain's, and no keener eye for a loose and sloppy carriage at drill or a button missing from a jumper when kit inspection came round.

To that five hundred brands plucked from the burning—or, to be more correct, waifs picked from the gutters—the captain was a god—a magnificent being who dwelt in a mysterious heaven under the poop, furnished with mirrors and pictures and rugs and couches and cigars and silver dishes and china and ladies and collie dogs and Persian kittens and all kinds of wonderful things; who condescended to walk among them and know them, whose omniscience kept the ship right side up morally and physically and in every sense of the word; whose all-seeing eye they occasionally preferred not to meet, and who was to be regarded at all times with reverence and awe; and yet who evidently acknowledged some higher authority than his own, for during service and when grace was sung before meals he took off his cap.

In front of the captain stood a small boy in a suit of cheap brown ready-mades, and behind the small boy stood a lady in the dainty blacks and whites and dove colors of a nurse. The nurse looked at the captain, the captain looked at the small boy, the small boy looked at the captain's boots.

"H'm! under the standard measurement you say, Miss Patten?"

"Yes, captain, and smokes fags!" said the nurse, with a twinkling eye.

"Fags!" said the captain. "Bad, very bad! What do you mean by smoking fags, you young ruffian?"

The young ruffian twiddled his cap uncomfortably, and shifted his feet in distress, but diplomatically said nothing.

A thousand and one eyes bored through him like gimlets, gloating over his discomfort as young bull-pups over a succulent rat.

"And you want to be a sailor, youngster?"

"Yes, sir," and the boy flashed up a bright look at the gold-peaked cap above him.

The face below the peak was not very terrible. He

took a good look at it, and the captain took a good look at him.

"What's your name?"

"Charley Devil, sir."

"What!" said the captain sternly, scenting impudence.

"That is the name on the docket, captain," interposed the nurse.

"Call him Smith," said the captain, "Charles D. Smith. Let him be entered so. We have enough of the Devil aboard without introducing him by name."

"Had any dinner?"

"No, sir."

"Good gracious, Miss Patten, he's starving. All right, we'll take him. Perhaps you will be so good as to take him along to the infirmary and feed him, and disinfect him, and send him back here next week."

The nurse sailed away with the small boy close on her heels, and cut a swath through the clustering masses of other small boys in blue, who rolled themselves back upon their fellows at her approach and left the path to the gangway clear. The front ranks closed up as they passed, and the rear ranks levied tribute on the newcomer in the shape of sly punches and grabs and pinches by way of showing him what a good time he would have when his week of probation in the infirmary was over.

But the captain had mounted the poop-ladder slowly and thoughtfully, and through all the exercises that followed, though his keen eyes failed not to note every slip, and his voice rang out swift and sharp on the instant, his mind was ranging back through the mazes of the past, and he was saying to himself, "Who the deuce does that boy remind me of, and whose eyes are those?"

For they were very remarkable eyes—of a blue so deep as to be nearly black—velvety-soft, and full of intelligence, and they struck some chord in the captain's memory, and set it vibrating in a way that would give him no peace till the clew was found.

In his sixty years the captain had served in every part of the world, and mingled with men and women of all degrees. The sleuth hounds of his brain had therefore a mazy back-trail to follow, and the captain had a deuce of a time of it.

"Charley Devil! Charley Devil!" he said to himself, as he paced the poop with his hands behind him. "Now who the devil is Charley Devil, and who was his father, or who was his mother? I've met those eyes before somewhere and somewhen. Where? When?"

A week later Charley came off with the chaplain in the first boat from the shore, and climbed briskly aboard as clean and smart a little sailor in embryo as the whole five hundred could show. The captain was taking his morning walk on deck. The chaplain joined him, and Charley saluted gallantly, chin up, back like a ramrod. "Ah!" said the captain, regarding him with six days' unsatisfactory puzzlement in his eyes, "there you are, boy!"

"Yes, sir," and he wondered why the captain stared so.

"Let me see, what's your name?"

"Smith, sir. Charley Dev—Smith, sir."

"Right! Mr. Collins," to one of the quartermasters, "will you take him in hand and show him his bearings?" "Do you know, captain, that's a very remarkable boy," said the chaplain.

"Why?"

"Unless I'm very much mistaken there is a strain of unusually fine blood in him. You couldn't help noticing his eyes. But did you notice his chin, his nose, his forehead, the general cast of his features and head? He comes out of the gutter and is smirched with it, but he's not of it. There's a wonderful individuality about him, and he'll go far—either up or down. He's as keen as a razor, and I'll bet—I'll wager I mean—he knows more than any boy on this ship. Where he picked it all up I can't make out, but he's fascinatingly clever. He has brains and he knows how to use them. There's no position that boy might not rise to."

"Or fall to," said the captain.

"We must see to that. I never had such a boy in my hands before. It'll be a pleasure to see what we can make of him."

And the captain resumed his walk and the consideration of his conundrum.

Charley settled down quietly among the others and gave no such undue signs of brilliance as would have brought down upon him the wrath of his fellows. But he swam two lengths of the big bath the second time he was in it, though he had never swum a stroke before, and when, the second day after his arrival, No. 75, a big, loose-limbed fellow named Rafferty, with a tendency toward undue coercion and the taking of liberties with boys smaller than himself, attempted something of the kind with No. 502, it was "one, two, three," and Master Rafferty was spitting out blood and a tooth before he knew what had struck him.

In all his classes he absorbed knowledge in a way that was simply extraordinary, and perhaps even more remarkable still was the self-repression and tact which kept him from making any parade of his cleverness. He "wanted to know," and was never happy till he knew all about it, but the satisfaction of his craving for knowledge seemed to suffice him. He seemed, in fact, satisfied to learn for the simple pleasure of knowing, without any thought of position or reward.

His genial good-humor, enlivened by an occasional fiery outbreak of wrath, made him a general favorite, and small as he was the influence he acquired over his chums was remarkable. They felt somehow that he was of different fiber from themselves, and instead of ostracizing him, as might have been the case, they felt themselves dominated by the big spirit of the small boy.

The simple fact that, newcomer and small boy as he was, he very soon became the leading spirit of the whole five hundred, speaks more for him than a multitude of words.

His great fault—he had many, but they did not root deep—was a reckless impulsiveness which jumped him into things on the spur of the moment, utterly regardless of consequences.

With equal lack of self-consideration he dropped sixty feet from the yard to the rescue of a drowning mate, whose eye he had blackened that very morning, and who had slipped overboard while skylarking in one of the boats; and flung his tin plate of meat and pota-

toes at the head of his vis-à-vis at table for some fancied insult. These two typical incidents happened on one day, and for the latter he duly suffered punishment, while the former, in due course, brought him a silver medal from the Royal Humane Society.

But both were the simple outcroppings of his nature. He took to himself no credit for the one, and felt no blame for the other. He simply "couldn't help it."

And while the months rolled by, the captain's eye still singled him out of the whole five hundred at drill and at play, and dwelt upon him in musing abstraction.

The strongly marked face, with its fine curves and its great violet eyes, possessed for him all the piquancy, and in course of time somewhat of the irritation, of an unsolved enigma. So that after one of his musing fits the captain would turn away and scratch his right temple with his forefinger, and say to himself: "Hang it all, who the devil is Charley Devil?"

But, well as he got on, Master Charley's course was not all smooth sailing.

The instructors were mostly old sailors, navy pensioners with plenty of practical knowledge, but deficient in some cases in the skill and tact to impart it, which, indeed, is no uncommon lack on the part of teachers of other things besides gunnery and seamanship. And one or two of these old sea-dogs, remembering the bitter days of their own evolution, and recognizing only too painfully their own deficiencies in many respects, and the brightness of the spirit that was in their hands for the molding, took a spite at him and conceived it their duty to take him down a peg or two.

So they bore heavily on him, and harried him, and instead of breaking, it but hardened and brightened him, as much hammering tempers the blade in the making.

But since it is not in the nature of any boy to balance present discomfort by thought of future benefit accruing therefrom, Charley Devil carried anything but angelic feelings toward some of his masters.

Mr. Tompion, the gunnery instructor, especially gave him no peace. He was a small thing, red-haired, pock-marked, voice like a file, temper of a bear—a gunner to the finger tips, but nothing else—scarcely even a man.

At gun drill it is usual to make the boys occasionally change places, so that by degrees each shall get to know his neighbor's work as well as his own. That is all right, but when day after day "Now you No. 16" was harshly ordered to replace No. 2, and then No. 1, and then No. 3, and 4, 5, and 6, and so on right up to his own original number, it became in the mind of No. 16 an injustice, and that is how Charley Devil came to hate Mr. Tompion the gunner, and that is how this story came to be written.

No. 16 of No. 2 gun never grumbled, never flinched, and did his work right well, but he hated his taskmaster with all his bright little soul, and after gun drill he was fagged out and snappish, and his chums came to understand that he preferred being left alone till it wore off.

But quite unintentionally on Tompion's part the effect on the crew of No. 2 gun was excellent. They beat No. 1 all into fits, and could dismantle and refit in three seconds less than Whale Island's best record.

All the same, Charley Devil hated Mr. Tompion the gunner.

Twice during the summer the youngster got away in the ship's cruising tender, the brigantine "Dreadnaught," for a week's practical seamanship, to the extreme delight and expansion almost to bursting of his soul.

He learned much in those two glorious weeks, and enjoyed them to the utmost. Mr. Tompion was left behind, and Charley Devil, released from torment, gathered in knowledge from truck to keelson, and seemed to be all over the ship at once.

Then back to bondage and the truculent Tompion, and so at last to Christmas Eve and Judgment Day.

The captain and his wife and daughter were to spend their Christmas Eve on board the "Impregnable," which was lying off Thames Haven, ten miles down stream, and whose captain was a very old friend of theirs.

The officers of the "Impregnable" were giving a ball that night, and had invited their friends from far and near, and for the conveyance of himself and his wife and daughter our captain had chartered a small steam launch from a shipyard up the river.

He set his house in order, gave strict injunctions to his officers as to the care of the ship during his absence, patted the collie dog's head, and tickled the ear of the Persian kitten, and chuff-chuffed merrily away against the tide, with a rising wind astern.

The boys were in the highest of spirits. Much as they liked their captain his temporary absence superinduced in their minds a feeling of laxity of restraint akin to that proverbially experienced by the household mice when the cat is away.

Next day was Christmas Day—whole holiday—roast beef and plum pudding and a jollification at night, in preparation for which the band was even then blowing itself black in the face down in the orlop deck.

And for his sins, and for their undoing, the Fates ordained that the officer on duty at supper-time that night should be—Mr. Tompion.

He prowled about among the tables sourly, rattily, with a venomous look on his hairy little face, finding fault right and left, with reason and without.

Whose hand flung the first missile will never be known. It is one of the mysteries of history, akin to that of the Man in the Iron Mask and the Tichborne Claimant. I know whose hand it was not, but whose hand it was has never been revealed.

But in a moment the 'tween-decks' dimness was dark with flying chunks of bread and tin pannikins of cocoa, full and empty, and blatant with shrill whistles and cat-calls, the hammering of tin on wood, and the stamping of a thousand frenzied feet.

And Tompion of the rat face and small soul was flying for his life, and pandemonium had broken loose.

And ten miles away down stream the dear old captain was dilating to Lord Charles Ellesmere, Rear-Admiral and Junior Lord of the Admiralty, on the goodness of his boys and the pitch of perfection to which he had brought their discipline. And Lord Charles's bold blue eyes were wandering pleasantly over the fair face and form of the captain's daughter, and he was wishing the old boy would shut up and let him get talking to the young lady instead.

When Tompion escaped from the jungle-tangle of

outstretched legs and the hurtling missiles, and burst into the officers' messroom, they say his hair was pale straw-color. His face, at all events, was blanched, and he gasped out his story and fell in a spent heap on the floor.

"Serves you right, Tompion, you always were a brute. Hope it'll be a lesson to you, if you haven't made the little devils break loose altogether," said the drill-master.

Then the other officers sprang up to deal with the matter, and Tompion panted along in the rear.

The boys heard them coming.

"Out lights!" sang out one, and as the heavy steps of law and order descended the ladder they descended into a darkness and silence palpitating with panting breaths and pregnant with the uttermost possibilities.

"Now, boys, what's all this?" sang out the drill-master and to those behind—"Lights!"

Then, lights procured, swinging lamp in hand, the officers marched down the room.

Every boy was in his place, motionless, looking straight before him, but the tables were bare and the floor was strewn with pannikins and chunks of bread.

"This is disgraceful conduct," said the drill-master.

"Who started it? Who threw first? I must know or I must punish you all."

No answer.

"You any idea, Mr. Tompion? Who are the ring-leaders?"

"That boy Smith. He threw first, I think."

"That is a lie!" said Charley Devil.

"A lie!" roared Tompion, bold in numbers, "you say I lie?"

"Yes!" said Charley Devil.

"You whelp! You gutter-scum! I'll teach you!" and at the word he dashed at the boy, and had him by the collar, and was dragging him to the gangway leading below.

The others closed round, more than doubtful of Tompion's accuracy, but bound to uphold his action and show a bold front before the boys.

The prisoner was marched to the Black Hole, the ship's prison, and securely locked therein.

And then the fat *was* in the fire, and as the officers' heads appeared up the ladder again, it flamed up in a mighty flame—metaphorically speaking, of course. Actually 'tween-decks was as dark as Erebus. But as the heads appeared, silhouetted by the flickering lamps behind, a hailstorm of tin cups and every other missile the boys could lay hands on burst upon them, and drove them back.

They tried hard to stand up against the storm, but it was impossible. They bent their heads and tried to breast it. Tin cups, dishes, crusts, swept them like grape. They wavered—broke—and all was over.

The boys felt their power. They sprang up, roaring like the lion's whelps they were. They flung themselves down the ladder upon the officers in dozens and scores and hundreds. They bore them to the deck by sheer weight of numbers, and danced on them.

A score of Charley Devil's special chums wrenched up a bench and dashed in the door of the Black Hole with it, and yelled as they dragged him out.

He blinked at the light of the single lamp, for the darkness of the Black Hole was a thing to be cut with a knife.

"Where are the officers?" was Charley's first question.

The mutineers pointed triumphantly to divers writhing, struggling heaps of humanity, like so many football mêlées. Under each heap was an officer, or what had been an officer five minutes before. Now he was only a man, and a bruised and beaten man at that.

"We're in for it, you fellows," said Charley, "and there's only one way out. We must cut. No good going ashore here—we'd be caught in no time. I'm off in the 'Dreadnaught.' Who goes?"

It took their breath away for a moment. The wind was whistling loud through the rigging, and the whole ship hummed with it. They could hear the waves leaping and thrashing at the ship's sides, although the reach they were in was comparatively sheltered. It would be a black night outside.

"Can we manage her?" asked one.

"We've got to. We've gone too far here. The sooner we're away the better. Who goes?"

A score of them consented to the venture.

"You six get all the prog you can from the cook's galley, and a keg of water. Boyce, get a sheet of paper from the library. We'll make these fellows as safe as we can before we leave. The officers we'll tie up in their cabins. Now, boys! steady! 'tention! Leave him to me."

He went up to the nearest pile of small boys and managed at length to disintegrate it, and to disinter the officer. It was the drill-master, Robbins.

"Sorry, Mr. Robbins," said Charley, "but we've got to tie you up."

Robbins made a heave, but the body-guard flung themselves on him, and he was borne down again. Then with lengths of thin rope they lashed him round and round till he could not move hand or foot.

"Stretcher!" said Charley.

Four boys trotted off, and were back in a moment with the brown canvas stretcher they used at gun drill. The drill-master was rolled on to it, and borne away to his cabin.

The rest were served the same way, and the boys were in full possession of the ship.

Then they gathered round Charley, and his big eyes blazing and his finely cut little face all aflame, he said:

"This is a bad night's work for some of us. It's gone further than we meant it to. These other fellows," indicating his chosen band, "and me are going to stand the racket, and if you do no further mischief you'll get off light. I'm going to leave a paper for the captain, and we're all going to sign it, saying it was us made all the trouble. Then we're going to bolt. If any of you touches anything in the captain's cabins he'll know it's you did it—not us."

And with a stub of pencil he hurriedly wrote out a round robin on the sheet of paper Boyce had brought from the library.

"Dear Captain—It was all Tompion's fault. We could not stand him any longer. Then the other officers interfered, and we had to serve them all the same. Nothing has been touched in your rooms, and no

damage done the ship up to time of leaving. We take all the blame. Good-by.—Yours dutifully."

The writing was in a circle in the middle of the sheet, and the chosen twenty carefully inscribed their names and numbers, radiating from it like the spokes of a cart-wheel.

He marched to the door of the captain's cabin under the poop, the rest streaming after him like the tail of a comet. He pinned it on with four tacks and then sped to the gangway, waved his cap and was gone, with the twenty at his heels.

The wind howled shrill and cold, the black waves flung the boats about and showed white teeth. Some of them would have liked to go back, but it was too late.

"Out oars—shove off!" and in five minutes they were bumping alongside the "Dreadnaught."

They tumbled aboard, pitched in the provisions, fitted the handles to the windlass, and hove her up inch by inch toward the leaping buoy. It was awful work against wind and tide, and they nearly burst their hearts over it; but it had to be done, and at last the plunging barrel was close under the bows.

Charley sang out for half a dozen of them to cast, loose a bit of the jib and haul it tight, and ran off himself to the wheel. The brigantine got a bit of way on her, and tugged at the buoy as though she would haul it up bodily, moorings and all. He gave the wheel half a turn, she eased round to the buoy for a moment, a dozen eager hands cast her loose, the wheel spun round, and the "Dreadnaught" swung off toward midstream.

Then Captain Charley dropped a treble-reefed square sail, and with half a gale astern and a heavy tide, the little ship ran swiftly down toward the sea.

The distant lights on shore dropped past them and the bobbing flickers of the ships lying at anchor, and once they shot silently past and perilously close to a great liner that was bellying her way up stream. And the boys clustered silently together and wondered what would be the end of it all.

PART II.

On board the "Impregnable" the last dance had been danced—Lord Charles Ellesmere dancing with the captain's daughter—fifth dance they had danced together that night—the band had played "God Save the Queen"—farewells had been said and our captain, having stowed away his wife and daughter in the dancing little launch, was standing on the dripping grating at the foot of the gangway waiting for Charles Ellesmere. The men above, whose guest he had been, would hardly let him go. But he had allowed himself to be persuaded by the captain to return with him to his ship, so that he might inspect the boys and be inspected by them, before going back to London on the morning. And perhaps, remembering those five dances, and the fact that an inspection of the training ship would allow him a few more hours in the company of the captain's daughter, he was not very difficult to persuade.

Charley Ellesmere, twenty years before, had served as middy on the captain's first command. Since then he had gone far and high, and made a world-wide reputation, and his name was in everybody's mouth, and the captain was proud of him, and nothing would do but he must introduce the magnificent sea lion to his own lions' whelps. And with the captain's daughter in his eye the Sea Lion laughingly consented.

And so at last Lord Charles ran down the gangway, and the steam launch cast loose from "Leviathan" and set its black nose up stream into the teeth of half a gale and a racing tide.

It was heavy work, and they won the lights on shore one by one, with strain and stress that made the engineer regard his little engines anxiously.

The gale increased, and in the long stretch of Gravesend Reach the waves got bigger. Still they made headway, and it was only a question of time and staying power.

Time they had in plenty, staying power sufficient for their requirements, but floating wreckage and such like accidents were beyond their control.

The ladies had made themselves snug in the little stern cabin. The two men sat near the engineer amidships, and chewed their cigars, because the gale would not let them smoke them.

The white foam rolled up in furrows from the throbbing nose of the launch, and came slatting over them in drenching sheets.

It was heavy work, though, as the engines were thrashing away at high pressure, and they picked up the shore lights one by one so slowly that at times they seemed to make no headway at all.

Then suddenly a series of sharp blows and bumps, a grinding along the side—*crack! crack! gr—r—r! bz—z—z—z!*

The launch shivered, fell off, and broached to, broadside to the waves. The engines raced madly for a moment, till the engineer shut off steam and sent it hissing through the 'scapepipes.

"Screw's smashed," he shouted into their ears. Then a wave leaped the side, flooded them to the knees, and put out the fires, and the crippled launch drifted like a log down toward the sea.

"Keep her before the wind," shouted Ellesmere to the steersman; "we shall be pooped. Any oars aboard?—sweeps—anything?"

"No," bawled the man; "never carry 'em!"

They were drifting fast. The three miles they had won so hardly in their half-hour's fight since leaving the ship were already lost. The lights of the "Impregnable" wobbled past to port, dim and blurred with the flying spume.

"Shout! all together!" cried Ellesmere again, and they shouted their best through their hollowed hands.

But the gale cut their voices off short and carried their hail uselessly down the wind.

The boat moving slower than the tide, kept falling away, and each time the waves came tumbling in, and now and again the white-capped racers behind leaped the stern, and dashed foaming and creaming against the bolted doors of the cabin.

"This won't do," said Ellesmere. He was a man of resource, and in about a quarter of an hour, scrambling about at risk of his life, he rigged up a jury mast and sail by means of the flagstaff from the stern and a boat-hook inserted in the arms of his overcoat.

It sufficed to give the boat steerage way, and kept her ahead of the hungry waves behind, but nothing more.

He had hoped to edge her in toward Thames Haven, but found it impossible, and the boat swept on toward the sea.

It was toward daylight when, with a shock that threw them all off their feet, the boat ran headlong into a bank, half mud, half sedge, and the waves leaped savagely over her.

It seemed to Ellesmere and the captain that the end was come.

No shore was visible—nothing but muddy white waves racing over miles of hideous half-submerged flats with deep channels in between.

The wind and waves forced the boat over the bank; she slipped into deep water again, and drove headlong on to another bank, shuddering and quivering and strained in every plank.

It was bitterly cold; they were all soaked to the skin, and the faces of the men were bleached and sodden with the whipping of the wind and the salt.

The captain and Lord Charles debated the idea of quitting the launch and making an effort to struggle to shore with the ladies. But the risks were too great. There was nothing for it but to stop where they were, and hope to be seen from the shore or by some passing ship.

The tide had turned, and was rising rapidly in spite of the gale.

The launch leaked like a sieve after her straining over night. She would sink as soon as the water rose high enough. It was only a question of time with them—and Providence.

The tide rose, and the launch remained fast and water-logged on the mud-bank. They hoisted the ladies on to the precarious roof of the cabin, and clung around it themselves. They peered through the gale with aching eyes for something to heave in sight. And at last—"Thank God!" cried Ellesmere, "here comes something!"

"Shout!—again! all together! Something to wave!—something white!"

He looked desperately round, tore off his coat and waved his white arms. And then into his despairing hands the captain's daughter, blushing divinely in spite of salt-bleach and pallor, thrust a heavenly white garment with deep openwork embroidery at one end and a scented band of white satin at the other.

"God bless you!" he cried, and kissed the scented band, then held it bellying to the wind.

"That will save us! Instantly they're coming to!"

He turned and looked at the captain's daughter, and vowed that she would make an admirable Admiral's wife, and she caught his ardent gaze and blushed once more.

"Now what can they be up to, and how will they get us off? No boat can live across those flats. A hawser and cradle might do it, but they're not likely to have one. Ah, there goes the anchor, and she rides to it. A brigantine."

"It's the 'Dreadnaught,'" said the captain. "Good lads, they've come after their captain. Macnaghten will manage it somehow. He's got a head on him."

"Here comes some one," cried Ellesmere, and a little black head was seen bobbing like a cork over the waves. "A lifeline, I'll be bound!"

"She carries cradle and hawser and the lads are well up to it," said the captain.

The black head came nearer and nearer. Now head and naked chest rose high out of the water as the swimmer struck a mud-flat and staggered over it, then into deep water again, and so at last to the launch, and hung there by one hand, panting, and dashing the water out of mouth and eyes with the other.

"Charley Devil! Charley Devil!" cried the captain, salt not of the sea filling his eyes. "God give you good for this. You save our lives."

The boy turned up a blue, cold-pinched face, and laughed up at them from his chattering teeth a wild laugh that was half a sob, then scrambled in over the bulwarks and hung on to the cabin roof.

And at the captain's word Ellesmere whirled round on him and gripped his arm with so fierce a grip that the marks showed for a week. His mouth opened, but no word came, and still gripping the captain's arm, he looked down into the big violet eyes of the boy, and then he fell a-trembling as with an ague.

"Mr. Macnaghten aboard?" queried the captain, as he loosed the lifeline from the boy's naked body.

"No, sir! no one but us boys." Then, as the captain was going to waste precious time asking questions, he panted: "Tell you later. Haul on the line now. Hawser—cradle ready—no time to lose."

And they hauled in the lifeline gingerly, till a thicker rope came to hand, then hauled on to that with a will, and so at last to the hawser.

Ellesmere worked like a giant, but his usually bright open face was twisted and knitted in spite of the clinching of his jaw, which showed through the tense skin.

Hauling again, the cradle came to hand, and they sent off the engineer in it to test it. A red flag waved aboard, and they hauled back the empty cradle. Then the captain's wife made the journey, and his daughter. Then the remaining members of the launch's crew. Then, much against his will, Lord Charles. Then Charley Devil muffled against the cutting wind in the captain's daughter's beautiful white petticoat. (Lord Charles claimed it as soon as the boy reached the ship.) And last of all the captain.

And the captain wore a very grave face, for while they sat alone together on the roof of the cabin of the launch, Charley Devil had explained the situation to him, and the situation was a grave one indeed, and the captain's heart was sore.

"If we hadn't run on a mud-flat five miles up stream we should have been off Holland by this time; but I'm glad we stuck, captain, and we'll just take our lickings like little men," was Charley Devil's epilogue.

But the captain's heart was heavy, for he doubted if their outbreak could be satisfied by any amount of lickings.

Charley Devil's body was clothed and his face was filling out to its natural curves by the time the captain was hauled aboard, and Lord Charles Ellesmere, with

the captain's daughter's fragrant petticoat rolled up under his arm, could not keep his eyes off him.

This was no time for explanations, however. They were all weather-worn, water-soaked, and weary, and with as little delay as possible they hauled up the anchor, got sail on her, and made long and short tacks for Thames Haven.

It was just after lunch that same day.

Lord Charles Ellesmere and the captain were sitting in the captain's snuggerly with coffee and liqueurs and cigars.

Ellesmere had been very silent all the morning, and his face still bore that strange strained look of anxious thought that had come over it so suddenly on the cabin roof of the launch. Now in the privacy of the captain's room he spoke: "Will you tell me all you know about that boy, captain? Charley—what was it you called him?"

"Charley Devil! He's a fine little fellow and ought to have been a credit to us. Now I'm afraid he's gone and broken himself. Do you know the young devils mutinied last night and tied up all my officers, and these twenty on the 'Dreadnaught' were bolting when they came across us?"

"Never mind all that for the moment, if you don't mind. Tell me all you know about Charley Devil."

"He came to us a year ago—"

"Where from?"

"Let's see," said the captain, hauling out a red-bound ledger. "Here you are. Here's his record."

Ellesmere bent forward and read the record carefully and thoughtfully—then leaned back in his chair, and the smoke rolled up in nervous clouds from his fiercely bitten cigar. He drummed nervously on the long arm of his chair for a moment, and then said: "Do you remember Carlotta Deville of the Folies Bergères?"

And the captain's open palm came down on the table with a bang that made the ladies in the adjoining cabin say that the shore boys were shooting at the gulls again.

"Good God!" he said, "that's my missing clew. I knew I ought to know his eyes, and I've ransacked my memory for them. And—and—" he began. "You—My God! I thought I had saved you from that connection!"

"I married her. She left me eighteen months later, taking the child with her. I heard of her death seven years ago, but I could get no trace of the boy. That is my boy, captain! Look here!" he added, opening a gold locket which hung inside his vest.

And, bending down, the captain looked into the great violet eyes of Carlotta Deville, and on the other side he gazed with amazement into the face of Charley Devil.

"But how?" he began, pointing to the boy's face.

"That is myself at the age of twelve. I always hoped to come across my boy, and that he would be like what I was. Charley Devil was the name she always called me. When you called the boy that on the launch this morning my heart stopped beating, and when I looked into his eyes I knew that I had found my boy."

The captain lay back in his chair and gazed at his friend with astonishment. "And what will you do now?" he asked at length.

Lord Charles did not answer him at once. He smoked musingly, and then said quietly: "For the boy's own sake I must get the proofs as clear as possible. For myself I am satisfied."

The captain nodded, and they smoked in silence.

"And you, captain, what is your next step? What are you going to do with your young scamps? Swishings all round?—bread and water for a week?—Black Hole in turn?"

"I've not made up my mind yet. The idea of caning five hundred boys is absurd. Bread and water for a week means a full hospital for a month. I don't hold with hitting a boy in the stomach. They've not much stamina yet. Half of them would be down with something in no time."

"Had they any real cause for the outbreak?"

"I fear they had. Still, it was utterly inexcusable."

"That, of course. Mutiny is mutiny. You must bring it home to them somehow in a way they won't forget."

"You bet I will! Suppose we hold a court martial before you leave."

"All right. Glad to be of any service to you."

They constituted themselves a court of inquiry on the spot. They examined the officers one by one, carefully and searchingly—Tompson last of all—and arrived at a very fair idea of the facts of the case.

"That fellow's at the bottom of your trouble," said Lord Charles as Tompion quitted the room. "I know the type. He always makes trouble. Now send for Charley Devil."

Charley's bright face appeared at the door clouded with a look of anticipatory apprehension. He saluted, and stood before the two men straight and slim, and bright as a bird.

"Now, Charley," said the captain, "let us have your account of this unfortunate matter again."

And bit by bit he drew it all out of the boy.

Ellesmere never took his eyes off him, and the captain, glancing from face to face, was more and more impressed with the wonderful likeness between them.

"Now tell me," said the captain, finally, "were you the first to throw?"

"No, sir, I was not."

"Do you know who it was?"

The boy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, and twirled his cap round and round, while Lord Charles eyed him anxiously.

"I think you must not ask me that, sir," he said at last.

"All right, my boy, that will do."

Charley saluted briskly, and turned to go.

"Carol, Carol, mon petit diable! Sharley Deville, Sharley Devil!" said Ellesmere quietly, as if to himself.

The boy wheeled quickly, and brought his hand to the salute again, passed it confusedly over his brow, and said dreamily: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! maman!" Then, like one awakening, "Beg pardon, sir!" saluted again, and stepped out.

Ellesmere dropped his head into his hands. "That proves it beyond all question," he said at last with deep emotion. "I have heard his mother say that to him

hundreds of times before he could understand it, and he remembers her."

After a while the two men laid their heads together and discussed punishment plans.

"Will you stop and see it through?" asked the captain, when they had come to a decision.

"If you will keep me. I shall be interested to see how they take it, and I want to see how my boy behaves."

The ship was quiet very early that night, and sleep was sound and deep, but the occupant of the hammock next to Charley Smith heard him murmuring strange and uncouth words in his sleep, and surmised that he had "gone off his chump."

Next morning at half-past nine the captain and his visitor stood at the poop-railing, the focus of five hundred pairs of anxious eyes. The boys were drawn up in four long parallel lines on each side of the deck, awaiting sentence, and there was no need for the bugler to sound for silence. In the open space between the phalanxes of boys walked the officers, each armed with a stout cane. Mr. Tompion was not there. Lord Charles leaned his strong brown hands on the railing, and said in a voice that rang along the deck like a silver trumpet.

"Boys! I have served my country in most parts of the world, and I have always had reason to be proud of the lads who served under me. I have had to come back to England to find English boys to be ashamed of. Will you read me this motto? Read it aloud each one of you!"—He pointed down to the ornamental scroll that ran along the edge of the poop.—"Louder! I want to hear you!"

A murmurous growl rose and swelled along the lines of the Lions' Whelps, which purported to be "England expects every man to do his duty."

"Now," said Lord Charles, as the growl died away, "boys, do you know where you would be at this moment if you were men in the service? I'll tell you! You would be lying, every one of you, in chains on the lower deck under sentence of death."

A visible shiver passed along the ranks of the Whelps.

"Now you have got to take your punishment. Take it like men, and learn this lesson, and let it last you all your lives. The first thing of all is—OBEDIENCE!"

Then the captain spoke to them gravely and sorrowfully. When he had ended there was a pause, and the unhappy Whelps twisted their fingers tight behind their backs and wondered whether they were to be hanged or shot. For a long half-hour they stood in cold trepidation, while the captain and Lord Charles paced the quarter-deck. Then the captain signaled to his bugler and the thousand anxious eyes flashed back to the railing. "Tention!" cried the captain. "Left wheel!—March!" and the deck was thunderous with the tread of a thousand lively feet.

Round and round the long deck they went—lines even—steps regular as clockwork. And in the open space in the center walked the officers with their canes.

The Whelps started off at a good brisk pace and rather enjoyed it after the dreary wait. They did over four miles in the first hour. In the second hour they did slightly under the four miles. In the third hour they began to find it monotonous, and One-eyed Rafferty (he had lost his eye on the ship or he wouldn't have been there), who had chuckled all through the first hour at the simplicity of the captain's idea of punishment, found it advisable now to keep his mouth closed and say his bad swears away down into his stomach instead of giving his neighbors the benefit of them in whispers. In the fourth hour the pace fell off, and the lines became irregular. The Whelps began to experience unusual pains in their hind legs. Some of them commenced to limp. Their faces were mostly mottled red and white in patches. In the fifth hour the pace became dogged and heavy; no boy looked at his neighbor's face, but each hung his eyes desperately on to the head of his front file man. Their faces were white, and their breathing short and panting. Occasionally a boy fell out of the ranks dead beat. The officers' canes stung him back into his place again. The sixth hour was martyrdom. It was a scotched snake that wriggled painfully round the deck at a funeral pace, and the officers had a busy time of it. The seventh hour finished them—and their punishment. The bugle pealed, and three-fourths of them dropped like logs.

Never ship held a more unmutinous set of mutineers. But they have never forgotten it, and the tradition of it has been handed down from generation to generation, and the "Mutiny March" is still spoken of with bated breath on board, and is described with gusto and grand exaggeration in many a ship throughout the world.

Charley Devil had walked it out, but when the bugle sounded his knees wobbled as though they were fitted with ball-bearings. He kept up, however, and managed to stagger to his hammock. Whenever throughout that weary twenty-five mile tramp the boy had looked up at the quarter-deck it seemed to him that the keen eye of Lord Charles Ellesmere was fixed upon him. As soon as his file wheeled round toward the poop he got into the way of looking for that eye, and it was always waiting for him and never seemed to leave him, and, in some way that he could not understand, it braced him up and put new life into him.

Many and many a time since then have Lieutenant Charles Ellesmere and his father the Admiral laughed over the mutiny and the Mutiny March, and whenever they begin to tell the story the Admiral's wife blushes.

Wearied Father—"They say that no matter how one suffers some one has suffered more. All the same, they couldn't beat me in this business, for I walked this child the entire night for fully six hours."

Mother (calmly)—"Yes, George, dear; but suppose you lived up near the Pole, where the nights are six months long."

Irish Officer—"Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?"

Private Atkins—"Train from London was very late, sir."

Officer—"Very good. Next thime the thrain's late, take care y' come by an earlier one."

OUR NOTEBOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, whose death recently occurred in this city and who left behind him a fortune of thirty million dollars, was unrecorded in the Social Register or in any other of the Libri d'Oro of fashionable life. Had it not been for the eccentricity of the house in which he lived, to the community at large he would have been absolutely unknown. It has been stated and restated that that house was built out of spite. It may have been, but I doubt it. Joseph Richardson never answered what little was said of him in the papers, but had such been his habit it may be assumed that he would have, and could have, contradicted the tale. For spite is the surest indication of a small mind, and that Richardson had a large one his millions and unostentatiousness attest. He was an industrial chieftain in addition to being a railroad king. What is more, it was unassisted that he made himself both. He landed here, a lad of twelve, with less money even than Stewart brought and made a fortune which, if not equal to the latter's, was unattended by ruin to others and advertisement for himself. It was industries that he created, not failures; railroads not bankrupts. It was through sheer determination that he made himself rich, the power to want the thing which he wanted more than all others that wanted it too. But other gifts were helpful: vigilance, promptitude, assiduity, frugality and square-dealing. In addition, or perhaps it would be better to say primarily, he had that prescience which John Jacob Astor possessed. He could see future values in things to which the rest of the world was asleep. A man of that character is a credit to the country. If he seemed eccentric, it is because it is in the nature of a giant to provide amazement for dwarfs. And eccentric no doubt he appeared, but I should require better evidence than newspaper stories to believe that he built his house out of spite.

Prince Yturbi's failure to obtain from the Court of Appeals reinstatement to membership in the Metropolitan Club of Washington recalls a more successful, and for many reasons a more famous effort, which occurred in this city. In this case the name of the ejected was not Jones, for which reason I shall so call him. Prince Yturbi spoke ill of a woman, and so it was alleged did this gentleman. Prince Yturbi offered to substantiate the statements he had made, but Mr. Jones contended that he had made none. There the similarity begins and ends, for Yturbi cuts a very small figure and Jones cut a big one. Previous to the expulsion Mr. Jones was merely a man of wealth. After it he developed into Monte Cristo. A little later the prime mover in that expulsion left New York disgraced forever. Another who was instrumental in it was compelled in public proceedings to tell of his debts and makeshifts. There was a third who died and a fourth who wanted to. Mr. Jones meanwhile occupied rooms just over the way and glared at his former club windows. When ultimately, by due process of law, he was reinstated there, the use he made of the privilege was to write his resignation. But this is ancient history, in more ways than two a trifle scandalous at that; but it is history which would make excellent fiction, a novel better far and infinitely more entertaining than the miserable story in which Prince Yturbi is not even a hero.

Ensign Stone's acquittal has been a relief to every one who loves a lover, and that is all the world. Charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, it was found that there was nothing ungentlemanly and by the same token nothing unbecoming an officer in his attempting, in the beard of a father, to marry the girl of his choice. The decision is sound. A girl belongs by right divine to him with whose heart hers beats as one. From the evidence adduced it is quite clear that this was just such a case—one of true love on both sides which would have run smooth had it not been for the interference of a parent. The acquittal was therefore a relief, but it would have been a satisfaction, a joy, a national delight, had the culprit not failed where he should have succeeded. For that he is now being tried again, and by every young woman in the land. His conviction is certain. He is a laggard in love. He should have carried off the girl or died in the attempt. In the old days there were elopements and with them the poetry of the post-chaise, the dignity of danger, pistol-shots through the windows and kisses at Gretna Green. But lovers elope no more. If they can't start off prosaically in a Pullman car and return as prosaically as they started, sometimes even more so, they don't go at all. That is what the nineteenth century has done to the charms and follies of love. And no better exemplification of it has there been than this case of Mr. Stone and Miss Condé.

The story of the Hyderabad moonstone ought to be set to music and put on the stage. The facts are obscure and so much the better. Imagination has full play. Then, too, of business there is a superfluity, and as for color it is there by the jar. To begin with there is the Great Mogul, the Nizam of the realm; and there, too, is Ali Mohammed Yaaquob, the pet of the Mahatmas, known to all the world as Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." For setting there is the gorgeousness of the Orient and the gleam of the imitation of one of the biggest gems on earth. There could be ballets of bayaderes, the dances of the priestesses of Siva and remotely her Majesty, the Jubilant Queen. What more could the heart of a playwright demand? As for plot have we not learned to do without it? The first act would be "The Birth of a Diamond"—its manufacture out of nothing by Mr. Isaacs through agencies esoteric and occult. "The Revel of a Rajah" would be act number two. In it we would see the Nizam in his throne-room surrounded by peacocks, by the lilies of the East, by the beauties of Bengal, admiring the diamond which Mr.

Isaacs had brought, throwing bouquets at himself to the hum of harps. Then the scene shifts. The British Resident is introduced and with him the comic element. In his quality of adviser to the Nizam he suggests that the diamond would be a pretty present for the Jubilant Queen. Slow music, curtain. The last act, followed by an apotheosis, would be "The Undoing of Ali Mohammed Yaaquob," the pretended discovery by the guileless Nizam that the jewel is paste, his regrets to the British Resident, and his fulminant and rageful commands that Mr. Isaacs be beheaded on sight.

The duel of the Count Robert de Montesquiou must have been a very engaging and charming affair, particularly if he appeared, as usual, in his war paint. I am sorry his hand was scratched and I hope it won't interfere with his labors. For De Montesquiou is a poet, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that he thinks himself one, and as such has raised verse to the dignity of an indoor amusement. He has written twenty-five strophes on the petal of a rose, thirty about a butterfly, and a baker's dozen of sunsets. It is impossible to be more ladylike. But it may be noted that De Montesquiou is the central character in Hüysman's novel, "A Rebours," and forced, in consequence, to live up to his reputation. That reputation is to astonish. And he does. He is unique in it. One of his books is called "A Collection of Suave Perfumes," another is "Dream's Descent to Memory." Here is a sample from the first:

"Aurone, pergulaire, ananas, amalgames;
Bigarade, kus-kus, néroli, tournesol.
Origans, orviétans, orpiments, orcanètes;
Miroane, axonge, alcoolats, spermaceti;
Mucilages, glycérolés et savonnets,
Vin de lys, lait de rose, étalé, bu, senti."

In reading a gem such as that astonishment is a matter of course. You wonder how emptiness can be so heavy and heaviness so light.

Of all De Montesquiou's modes and means of astonishing this recent duel was his best effort. It was the last thing of which any one would have suspected him, and as it is in the unexpected that originality resides, his success has been complete. For apart from other considerations dueling, even in France, is becoming back number, and De Montesquiou is a thoroughly up-to-date young man, a cousin, parenthetically, of the ex-husband of Clara Ward of Chimay. What he proved by that duel, except that he is a poor swordsman, I leave to him. But then what any duel proves even Benjamin Franklin could not discover. The following lines, which occur in one of his letters, are to the point: "A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?'—'Because you smell bad.'—'That is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall smell bad too, and if I kill you, you will smell, if possible, worse than you do at present.' It was much the same way with De Montesquiou. Because of his behavior at that fire in Paris a lady turned her back on him. It would have suited him down to the ground to have challenged her, but as he couldn't he had out her nearest male relative. But his contact has not been rendered more agreeable thereby. The thing for him to do is to deodorize himself. He has a Collection of Suave Perfumes. Let him use them.

The passing of Schlatter, the Divine Healer, closes a career unexampled in an age as skeptical as is ours. In this section of the country knowledge of him is vague and belief in him scanty, but in the West there were, and are, thousands who would testify on oath to the miracles which he worked. In an earlier epoch a man such as he would have convulsed the world, led a crusade and had a cathedral built on his ashes. But this is not an enthusiastic epoch. Then, too, we know, or think we know, that such cures as he undoubtedly did accomplish were the effects of mind on matter. There have been others gifted with a power quasi-similar, but almost invariably they turned their marvels into money. Schlatter took nothing. There were many who offered him much. Not once would he accept a penny. He wandered, meanly dressed, with but a Bible for companion, begging his bread by the wayside. Centuries ago there appeared and disappeared a figure not dissimilar. It was that of Apollonius of Tyana, who declared that he had encountered every species of ferocious beast except the tyrant and that it was to see one he had come to Rome. Nero was wearing the purple then, and the statement annoyed him. On Apollonius he loosed his prefect. The prefect caught him. "What have you with you?" he asked. "Justice, Temperance, Purity and Patience," Apollonius answered. "Your slaves, I suppose," the prefect interjected. "Make out a list of them." Apollonius shook his head. "They are not my slaves; they are my masters." They were Schlatter's, too. However the latter may have imposed on himself at least he was an altruist. He deserves a monument, if only for his unselfishness. Instead of which in a dime museum his bones are to be on view. That is end-of-the-century, of course, but not any the more admirable because of it.

In connection with the recent and dual canonization at St. Peter's a subscriber asks will I state the requisites necessary for sainthood. Most certainly. The request is unusually complimentary and flattering in the extreme. The first requisite is to be dead. The second is to have been dead a long time. The third is to have been very good. The fourth is to have done nothing which the Advocatus Diaboli can discover to the discredit of the candidate. The clergy of France, for instance, long urged the claims of Jeanne d'Arc. The Advocatus, however, who is a member of the Pope's Commission, presented an adverse report in which he stated that essential conditions were lacking. Jeanne, as a consequence, is forever debarred. What she did or what she didn't, and particularly how the Advocatus found it out, one may surmise yet never know. The fact remains, a candidate must not have been even the subject of gossip. Another requisite, or rather a preliminary, is Beatification, which presupposes on the part of the recipient the heroic practice of all the virtues theological and cardinal. A minor degree of

sanctity is that of Venerable, for which only eminent piety need be demonstrated. To the Beatified public prayers may be offered, to the Venerable prayer may be addressed in private. The superlative title of Saint is bestowed, on the previously blessed, in a course of processes which may extend from one century to another. In the early days of the Church canonization could be performed in any diocese. It was not until the close of the twelfth century that the exclusive right in this matter was recognized as the appanage of the Papal See.

Dr. H. D. Traill contributes to the June "Fortnightly" a paper on matters literary, in which he says that the last twenty years are chiefly notable for the rise of a large class of second-rate writers. Twenty years ago I remember reading a remark to the same effect, not from Mr. Traill, but from a critic just as wise. Twenty years previous, had I been able to read, I daresay I should have encountered a similar complaint. For it is the peculiarity of critics to be in love with a past of which they know nothing and contemptuous of a present in which they have no part. It is true that Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle and Macaulay have gone. It is true, also, that there are none to replace them. But Horace and Virgil and Seneca and Tacitus departed before them and none came, either, to fill their place. It takes the drainage of a hundred million people, time and evolution, to produce a single genius. When several appear concurrently Nature is exhausted by the effort. But the absence of genius never has and never will predicate second-class writers. The works of Roman antiquity, which are the most polished, the most chiseled and ornate, are those which succeeded the passing of its luminaries. To-day, in prose as in verse, writers are technically superior to what they have ever been before. It is only in the past twenty years that finish has become general. Essays, novels and poetry which would have been admired and quoted two decades ago could not now find an imprint. With every deference to Mr. Traill the past twenty years have not been chiefly notable for the rise of a large class of second-class writers, they have been notable for a marked advance in literary style and an increasing disinclination for rubbish.

In this country the curiosities of newspaperdom deserve cataloguing. Chicago has a Soap Review; in Detroit there is, or was, a Checker Magazine; in San Francisco there is a periodical for Embalmers; the Bee Culture has its organ, there is one for the dumb, another for the blind, there are several for those matrimonially inclined, ditto for those interested in cemeteries, ditto too for those whom bottling attracts. There is not an industry, there is hardly a condition unsupplied. The Odd Fellows have their paper, so have the Arabs, the Portuguese, the Cherokees, the Lithuanians and the Welsh. Butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers all have their special sheets. There are papers about trunks, about shoes, about numismatics, about hats and hygiene, there is even one about Whitman. It is called the "Conservator," and emanates from Camden. The editor, Mr. Traubel, says that "hosts of specters glide past him in the street," that "the unquiet toad confided to him his life in a song," that "winter is summer," that "crops are snowfalls," that he has "seen joy where there was none," "a mosquito sharpening its knives on the beach," and that I count him "a dreamer of dreams." "Wherefore," Mr. Traubel concludes, "we may travel the round earth together, Evoking the majestic choral." Mr. Traubel's processes of deduction are not quite clear to me, but his intentions I am sure are those of an honorable man. His paper, too, is attractive, well printed, properly punctuated, and entered at the Post-Office as second-class matter. But as a curiosity it deserves cataloguing. Apart from that I hope it may live up to its motto—"Crystalline, without flaw, not godlike only"—and continue to be published.

The proposed expedition of Professor William Libby of Princeton to Acoma and his announced intention to scale by means of tailless kites the tableland which is there may be futile but it is at least poetic. For there, according to local legend, Montezuma built his stronghold. Against it was a pillar of sandstone in which he made a stairway, so narrow that but one man at a time could climb it, and on the summit dwelt with his people for years. When finally he migrated southward and founded the capital which is the City of Mexico to-day the tableland became the home of Indians. Then it so happened that all of them save one, the daughter of the chief, went off one day in search of food, perhaps in search of war. While they were amusing themselves abroad a cyclone came that tore the stairway down, swept it away, dispersed it utterly. On their return they could just see the girl, but to reach her was impossible. They called to her, she answered. It is said that to those who call to-day she will answer still. For though that is ages ago, the echo remains. Since then the attempts to scale the mesa have been many. But none have succeeded. It rises straight up like a giant pillar to a height of nearly seven hundred feet and constitutes one of the natural curiosities of the land. What Professor Libby expects to find there is not stated. It may be adobe ruins, it may be fame.

The latest scientific invention is the rhinometer. Plutocracy as such will not need it. It is not, as the name might suggest, an instrument to measure money. Its uses are other and hygienic. Animals, some one declared, are not respectable. But even so, in certain respects, they are more sensible than man. They do not drink while eating and they don't breathe through the mouth. Man does both, and becomes obese and anæmic in consequence. The rhinometer is not a preventative of fat, its purpose is to gauge the extent to which you breathe through your nose and to demonstrate of how much oxygen the lungs are cheated. For it is in that process that are accumulated a variety of those ills to which animals refuse to be heir. From a sanitary standpoint the rhinometer may therefore be welcomed. But there is another from which it should be considered. "Why," a philosopher profoundly propounded, "why have we two ears and but one mouth? Because," he continued, "because Nature intended that

(Continued on page 18.)

It sufficed to give the boat steerage way, and kept her ahead of the hungry waves behind, but nothing more.

He had hoped to edge her in toward Thames Haven, but found it impossible, and the boat swept on toward the sea.

It was toward daylight when, with a shock that threw them all off their feet, the boat ran headlong into a bank, half mud, half sedge, and the waves leaped savagely over her.

It seemed to Ellesmere and the captain that the end was come.

No shore was visible—nothing but muddy white waves racing over miles of hideous half-submerged flats with deep channels in between.

The wind and waves forced the boat over the bank; she slipped into deep water again, and drove headlong on to another bank, shuddering and quivering and strained in every plank.

It was bitterly cold; they were all soaked to the skin, and the faces of the men were bleached and sodden with the whipping of the wind and the salt.

The captain and Lord Charles debated the idea of quitting the launch and making an effort to struggle to shore with the ladies. But the risks were too great. There was nothing for it but to stop where they were, and hope to be seen from the shore or by some passing ship.

The tide had turned, and was rising rapidly in spite of the gale.

The launch leaked like a sieve after her straining over night. She would sink as soon as the water rose high enough. It was only a question of time with them—and Providence.

The tide rose, and the launch remained fast and water-logged on the mud-bank. They hoisted the ladies on to the precarious roof of the cabin, and clung around it themselves. They peered through the gale with aching eyes for something to heave in sight. And at last—"Thank God!" cried Ellesmere, "here comes something!"

"Shout!—again! all together! Something to wavel—something white!"

He looked desperately round, tore off his coat and waved his white arms. And then into his despairing hands the captain's daughter, blushing divinely in spite of salt-bleach and pallor, thrust a heavenly white garment with deep openwork embroidery at one end and a scented band of white satin at the other.

"God bless you!" he cried, and kissed the scented band, then held it bellying to the wind.

"That will save us! Hurrah! they're coming to!"

He turned and looked at the captain's daughter, and vowed that she would make an admirable Admiral's wife, and she caught his ardent gaze and blushed once more.

"Now what can they be up to, and how will they get us off? No boat can live across those flats. A hawser and cradle might do it, but they're not likely to have one. Ah, there goes the anchor, and she rides to it. A brigantine."

"It's the 'Dreadnaught,'" said the captain. "Good lads, they've come after their captain. Macnaghten will manage it somehow. He's got a head on him."

"Here comes some one," cried Ellesmere, and a little black head was seen bobbing like a cork over the waves. "A lifeline, I'll be bound!"

"She carries cradle and hawser and the lads are well up to it," said the captain.

The black head came nearer and nearer. Now head and naked chest rose high out of the water as the swimmer struck a mud-flat and staggered over it, then into deep water again, and so at last to the launch, and hung there by one hand, panting, and dashing the water out of mouth and eyes with the other.

"Charley Devil! Charley Devil!" cried the captain, salt not of the sea filling his eyes. "God give you good for this. You save our lives."

The boy turned up a blue, cold-pinched face, and laughed up at them from his chattering teeth a wild laugh that was half a sob, then scrambled in over the bulwarks and hung on to the cabin roof.

And at the captain's word Ellesmere whirled round on him and gripped his arm with so fierce a grip that the marks showed for a week. His mouth opened, but no word came, and, still gripping the captain's arm, he looked down into the big violet eyes of the boy, and then he fell a-trembling as with an ague.

"Mr. Macnaghten aboard?" queried the captain, as he loosed the lifeline from the boy's naked body.

"No, sir! no one but us boys." Then, as the captain was going to waste precious time asking questions, he panted: "Tell you later. Haul on the line now. Hawser—cradle ready—no time to lose."

And they hauled in the lifeline gingerly, till a thicker rope came to hand, then hauled on to that with a will, and so at last to the hawser.

Ellesmere worked like a giant, but his usually bright open face was twisted and knitted in spite of the clinching of his jaw, which showed through the tense skin.

Hauling again, the cradle came to hand, and they sent off the engineer in it to test it. A red flag waved aboard, and they hauled back the empty cradle. Then the captain's wife made the journey, and his daughter. Then the remaining members of the launch's crew. Then, much against his will, Lord Charles. Then Charley Devil muffled against the cutting wind in the captain's daughter's beautiful white petticoat. (Lord Charles claimed it as soon as the boy reached the ship.) And last of all the captain.

And the captain wore a very grave face, for while they sat alone together on the roof of the cabin of the launch, Charley Devil had explained the situation to him, and the situation was a grave one indeed, and the captain's heart was sore.

"If we hadn't run on a mud-flat five miles up stream we should have been off Holland by this time; but I'm glad we stuck, captain, and we'll just take our lickings like little men," was Charley Devil's epilogue.

But the captain's heart was heavy, for he doubted if their outbreak could be satisfied by any amount of lickings.

Charley Devil's body was clothed and his face was filling out to its natural curves by the time the captain was hauled aboard, and Lord Charles Ellesmere, with

the captain's daughter's fragrant petticoat rolled up under his arm, could not keep his eyes off him.

This was no time for explanations, however. They were all weather-worn, water-soaked, and weary, and with as little delay as possible they hauled up the anchor, got sail on her, and made long and short tacks for Thames Haven.

It was just after lunch that same day.

Lord Charles Ellesmere and the captain were sitting in the captain's snugger with coffee and liqueurs and cigars.

Ellesmere had been very silent all the morning, and his face still bore that strange strained look of anxious thought that had come over it so suddenly on the cabin roof of the launch. Now in the privacy of the captain's room he spoke: "Will you tell me all you know about that boy, captain? Charley—what was it you called him?"

"Charley Devil! He's a fine little fellow and ought to have been a credit to us. Now I'm afraid he's gone and broken himself. Do you know the young devils mutinied last night and tied up all my officers, and these twenty on the 'Dreadnaught' were bolting when they came across us?"

"Never mind all that for the moment, if you don't mind. Tell me all you know about Charley Devil."

"He came to us a year ago—"

"Where from?"

"Let's see," said the captain, hauling out a red-bound ledger. "Here you are. Here's his record."

Ellesmere bent forward and read the record carefully and thoughtfully—then leaned back in his chair, and the smoke rolled up in nervous clouds from his fiercely bitten cigar. He drummed nervously on the long arm of his chair for a moment, and then said: "Do you remember Carlotta Deville of the Folies Bergères?"

And the captain's open palm came down on the table with a bang that made the ladies in the adjoining cabin say that the shore boys were shooting at the gulls again.

"Good God!" he said, "that's my missing clew. I knew I ought to know his eyes, and I've ransacked my memory for them. And—and—" he began. "You—My God! I thought I had saved you from that connection!"

"I married her. She left me eighteen months later, taking the child with her. I heard of her death seven years ago, but I could get no trace of the boy. That is my boy, captain! Look here!" he added, opening a gold locket which hung inside his vest.

And, bending down, the captain looked into the great violet eyes of Carlotta Deville, and on the other side he gazed with amazement into the face of Charley Devil.

"But how?" he began, pointing to the boy's face.

"That is myself at the age of twelve. I always hoped to come across my boy, and that he would be like what I was. Charley Devil was the name she always called me. When you called the boy that on the launch this morning my heart stopped beating, and when I looked into his eyes I knew that I had found my boy."

The captain lay back in his chair and gazed at his friend with astonishment. "And what will you do now?" he asked at length.

Lord Charles did not answer him at once. He smoked musingly, and then said quietly: "For the boy's own sake I must get the proofs as clear as possible. For myself I am satisfied."

The captain nodded, and they smoked in silence.

"And you, captain, what is your next step? What are you going to do with your young scamps? Swishings all round?—bread and water for a week?—Black Hole in turns?"

"I've not made up my mind yet. The idea of caning five hundred boys is absurd. Bread and water for a week means a full hospital for a month. I don't hold with hitting a boy in the stomach. They've not much stamina yet. Half of them would be down with something in no time."

"Had they any real cause for the outbreak?"

"I fear they had. Still, it was utterly inexcusable."

"That, of course. Mutiny is mutiny. You must bring it home to them somehow in a way they won't forget."

"You bet I will! Suppose we hold a court martial before you leave."

"All right. Glad to be of any service to you."

They constituted themselves a court of inquiry on the spot. They examined the officers one by one, carefully and searchingly—Tompion last of all—and arrived at a very fair idea of the facts of the case.

"That fellow's at the bottom of your trouble," said Lord Charles as Tompion quitted the room. "I know the type. He always makes trouble. Now send for Charley Devil."

Charley's bright face appeared at the door clouded with a look of anticipatory apprehension. He saluted, and stood before the two men straight and slim, and bright as a bird.

"Now, Charley," said the captain, "let us have your account of this unfortunate matter again."

And bit by bit he drew it all out of the boy.

Ellesmere never took his eyes off him, and the captain, glancing from face to face, was more and more impressed with the wonderful likeness between them.

"Now tell me," said the captain, finally, "were you the first to throw?"

"No, sir, I was not."

"Do you know who it was?"

The boy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, and twirled his cap round and round, while Lord Charles eyed him anxiously.

"I think you must not ask me that, sir," he said at last.

"All right, my boy, that will do."

Charley saluted briskly, and turned to go.

"Carol, Carol, mon petit diable! Charley Deville, Charley Devil!" said Ellesmere quietly, as if to himself.

The boy wheeled quickly, and brought his hand to the salute again, passed it confusedly over his brow, and said dreamily: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! maman!" Then, like one awakening, "Reg pardon, sir!" saluted again, and stepped out.

Ellesmere dropped his head into his hands. "That proves it beyond all question," he said at last with deep emotion. "I have heard his mother say that to him

hundreds of times before he could understand it, and he remembers her."

After a while the two men laid their heads together and discussed punishment plans.

"Will you stop and see it through?" asked the captain, when they had come to a decision.

"If you will keep me. I shall be interested to see how they take it, and I want to see how my boy behaves."

The ship was quiet very early that night, and sleep was sound and deep, but the occupant of the hammock next to Charley Smith heard him murmuring strange and uncouth words in his sleep, and surmised that he had "gone off his chump."

Next morning at half-past nine the captain and his visitor stood at the poop-railing, the focus of five hundred pairs of anxious eyes. The boys were drawn up in four long parallel lines on each side of the deck, awaiting sentence, and there was no need for the bugler to sound for silence. In the open space between the phalanxes of boys walked the officers, each armed with a stout cane. Mr. Tompion was not there. Lord Charles leaned his strong brown hands on the railing, and said in a voice that rang along the deck like a silver trumpet.

"Boys! I have served my country in most parts of the world, and I have always had reason to be proud of the lads who served under me. I have had to come back to England to find English boys to be ashamed of. Will you read me this motto? Read it aloud each one of you!"—He pointed down to the ornamental scroll that ran along the edge of the poop.—"Louder! I want to hear you!"

A murmurous growl rose and swelled along the lines of the Lions' Whelps, which purported to be "England expects every man to do his duty."

"Now," said Lord Charles, as the growl died away, "boys, do you know where you would be at this moment if you were men in the service? I'll tell you! You would be lying, every one of you, in chains on the lower deck under sentence of death."

A visible shiver passed along the ranks of the Whelps.

"Now you have got to take your punishment. Take it like men, and learn this lesson, and let it last you all your lives. The first thing of all is—OBEDIENCE!"

Then the captain spoke to them gravely and sorrowfully. When he had ended there was a pause, and the unhappy Whelps twisted their fingers tight behind their backs and wondered whether they were to be hanged or shot. For a long half-hour they stood in cold trepidation, while the captain and Lord Charles paced the quarter-deck. Then the captain signaled to his bugler and the thousand anxious eyes flashed back to the railing. "Tention!" cried the captain. "Left wheel!—March!" and the deck was thunderous with the tread of a thousand lively feet.

Round and round the long deck they went—lines even—steps regular as clockwork. And in the open space in the center walked the officers with their canes.

The Whelps started off at a good brisk pace and rather enjoyed it after the dreary wait. They did over four miles in the first hour. In the second hour they did slightly under the four miles. In the third hour they began to find it monotonous, and One-eyed Rafferty (he had lost his eye on the ship or he wouldn't have been there), who had chuckled all through the first hour at the simplicity of the captain's idea of punishment, found it advisable now to keep his mouth closed and say his bad swears away down into his stomach instead of giving his neighbors the benefit of them in whispers. In the fourth hour the pace fell off, and the lines became irregular. The Whelps began to experience unusual pains in their hind legs. Some of them commenced to limp. Their faces were mostly mottled red and white in patches. In the fifth hour the pace became dogged and heavy; no boy looked at his neighbor's face, but each hung his eyes desperately on to the head of his front file man. Their faces were white, and their breathing short and panting. Occasionally a boy fell out of the ranks dead beat. The officers' canes stung him back into his place again. The sixth hour was martyrdom. It was a scotched snake that wriggled painfully round the deck at a funeral pace, and the officers had a busy time of it. The seventh hour finished them—and their punishment. The bugle pealed, and three-fourths of them dropped like logs.

Never ship held a more unmutinous set of mutineers. But they have never forgotten it, and the tradition of it has been handed down from generation to generation, and the "Mutiny March" is still spoken of with bated breath on board, and is described with gusto and grand exaggeration in many a ship throughout the world.

Charley Devil had walked it out, but when the bugle sounded his knees wobbled as though they were fitted with ball-bearings. He kept up, however, and managed to stagger to his hammock. Whenever throughout that weary twenty-five mile tramp the boy had looked up at the quarter-deck it seemed to him that the keen eye of Lord Charles Ellesmere was fixed upon him. As soon as his file wheeled round toward the poop he got into the way of looking for that eye, and it was always waiting for him and never seemed to leave him, and, in some way that he could not understand, it braced him up and put new life into him.

Many and many a time since then have Lieutenant Charles Ellesmere and his father the Admiral laughed over the mutiny and the Mutiny March, and whenever they begin to tell the story the Admiral's wife blushes.

Wearied Father—"They say that no matter how one suffers some one has suffered more. All the same, they couldn't beat me in this business, for I walked this child the entire night for fully six hours."

Mother (calmly)—"Yes, George, dear; but suppose you lived up near the Pole, where the nights are six months long."

Irish Officer—"Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?"

Private Atkins—"Train from London was very late, sir."

Officer—"Very good. Next thime the thrain's late, take care y' come by an earlier one."

OUR NOTEBOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, whose death recently occurred in this city and who left behind him a fortune of thirty million dollars, was unrecorded in the Social Register or in any other of the Libri d'Oro of fashionable life. Had it not been for the eccentricity of the house in which he lived, to the community at large he would have been absolutely unknown. It has been stated and restated that that house was built out of spite. It may have been, but I doubt it. Joseph Richardson never answered what little was said of him in the papers, but had such been his habit it may be assumed that he would have, and could have, contradicted the tale. For spite is the surest indication of a small mind, and that Richardson had a large one his millions and unostentatiousness attest. He was an industrial chieftain in addition to being a railroad king. What is more, it was unassisted that he made himself both. He landed here, a lad of twelve, with less money even than Stewart brought and made a fortune which, if not equal to the latter's, was unattained by ruin to others and advertisement for himself. It was industries that he created, not failures; railroads not bankrupts. It was through sheer determination that he made himself rich, the power to want the thing which he wanted more than all others that wanted it too. But other gifts were helpful: vigilance, promptitude, assiduity, frugality and square-dealing. In addition, or perhaps it would be better to say primarily, he had that prescience which John Jacob Astor possessed. He could see future values in things to which the rest of the world was asleep. A man of that character is a credit to the country. If he seemed eccentric, it is because it is in the nature of a giant to provide amazement for dwarfs. And eccentric no doubt he appeared, but I should require better evidence than newspaper stories to believe that he built his house out of spite.

Prince Yturbe's failure to obtain from the Court of Appeals reinstatement to membership in the Metropolitan Club of Washington recalls a more successful, and for many reasons a more famous effort, which occurred in this city. In this case the name of the ejected was not Jones, for which reason I shall so call him. Prince Yturbe spoke ill of a woman, and so it was alleged did this gentleman. Prince Yturbe offered to substantiate the statements he had made, but Mr. Jones contended that he had made none. There the similarity begins and ends, for Yturbe cuts a very small figure and Jones cut a big one. Previous to the expulsion Mr. Jones was merely a man of wealth. After it he developed into Monte Cristo. A little later the prime mover in that expulsion left New York disgraced forever. Another who was instrumental in it was compelled in public proceedings to tell of his debts and makeshifts. There was a third who died and a fourth who wanted to. Mr. Jones meanwhile occupied rooms just over the way and glared at his former club windows. When ultimately, by due process of law, he was reinstated there, the use he made of the privilege was to write his resignation. But this is ancient history, in more ways than two a trifle scandalous at that; but it is history which would make excellent fiction, a novel better far and infinitely more entertaining than the miserable story in which Prince Yturbe is not even a hero.

Ensign Stone's acquittal has been a relief to every one who loves a lover, and that is all the world. Charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, it was found that there was nothing ungentlemanly and by the same token nothing unbecoming an officer in his attempting, in the beard of a father, to marry the girl of his choice. The decision is sound. A girl belongs by right divine to him with whose heart hers beats as one. From the evidence adduced it is quite clear that this was just such a case—one of true love on both sides which would have run smooth had it not been for the interference of a parent. The acquittal was therefore a relief, but it would have been a satisfaction, a joy, a national delight, had the culprit not failed where he should have succeeded. For that he is now being tried again, and by every young woman in the land. His conviction is certain. He is a laggard in love. He should have carried off the girl or died in the attempt. In the old days there were elopements and with them the poetry of the post-chaise, the dignity of danger, pistol-shots through the windows and kisses at Gretna Green. But lovers elope no more. If they can't start off prosaically in a Pullman car and return as prosaically as they started, sometimes even more so, they don't go at all. That is what the nineteenth century has done to the charms and follies of love. And no better exemplification of it has there been than this case of Mr. Stone and Miss Condé.

The story of the Hyderabad moonstone ought to be set to music and put on the stage. The facts are obscure and so much the better. Imagination has full play. Then, too, of business there is a superfluity, and as for color it is there by the jar. To begin with there is the Great Mogul, the Nizam of the realm; and there, too, is Ali Mohammed Yaqub, the pet of the Mahatmas, known to all the world as Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." For setting there is the gorgeousness of the Orient and the gleam of the imitation of one of the biggest gems on earth. There could be ballets of bayaderes, the dances of the priestesses of Siva and remotely her Majesty, the Jubilant Queen. What more could the heart of a playwright demand? As for plot have we not learned to do without it? The first act would be "The Birth of a Diamond"—its manufacture out of nothing by Mr. Isaacs through agencies esoteric and occult. "The Revel of a Rajah" would be act number two. In it we would see the Nizam in his throne-room surrounded by peacocks, by the lilies of the East, by the beauties of Bengal, admiring the diamond which Mr.

Isaacs had brought, throwing bouquets at himself to the hum of harps. Then the scene shifts. The British Resident is introduced and with him the comic element. In his quality of adviser to the Nizam he suggests that the diamond would be a pretty present for the Jubilant Queen. Slow music, curtain. The last act, followed by an apotheosis, would be "The Undoing of Ali Mohammed Yaqub," the pretended discovery by the guileless Nizam that the jewel is paste, his regrets to the British Resident, and his fulminant and rageful commands that Mr. Isaacs be beheaded on sight.

The duel of the Count Robert de Montesquiou must have been a very engaging and charming affair, particularly if he appeared, as usual, in his war paint. I am sorry his hand was scratched and I hope it won't interfere with his labors. For De Montesquiou is a poet, or perhaps it would be more exact to say that he thinks himself one, and as such has raised verse to the dignity of an indoor amusement. He has written twenty-five strophes on the petal of a rose, thirty about a butterfly, and a baker's dozen of sunsets. It is impossible to be more ladylike. But it may be noted that De Montesquiou is the central character in Hüysman's novel, "A Rebours," and forced, in consequence, to live up to his reputation. That reputation is to astonish. And he does. He is unique in it. One of his books is called "A Collection of Suave Perfumes," another is "Dream's Descent to Memory." Here is a sample from the first:

"Aurone, pergulaire, ananas, amalgames;
Bigarade, kus-kus, néroli, tournesol.
Origans, orviétans, oriments, orcanètes;
Miroane, axonge, alcoolats, spermaceti;
Mucilages, glycérolés et savonnets,
Vin de lys, lait de rose, étalé, bu, senti."

In reading a gem such as that astonishment is a matter of course. You wonder how emptiness can be so heavy and heaviness so light.

Of all De Montesquiou's modes and means of astonishing this recent duel was his best effort. It was the last thing of which any one would have suspected him, and as it is in the unexpected that originality resides, his success has been complete. For apart from other considerations dueling, even in France, is becoming back number, and De Montesquiou is a thoroughly up-to-date young man, a cousin, parenthetically, of the ex-husband of Clara Ward of Chimay. What he proved by that duel, except that he is a poor swordsman, I leave to him. But then what any duel proves even Benjamin Franklin could not discover. The following lines, which occur in one of his letters, are to the point: "A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?'—'Because you smell bad.'—'That is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall smell bad too, and if I kill you, you will smell, if possible, worse than you do at present.' It was much the same way with De Montesquiou. Because of his behavior at that fire in Paris a lady turned her back on him. It would have suited him down to the ground to have challenged her, but as he couldn't he had out her nearest male relative. But his contact has not been rendered more agreeable thereby. The thing for him to do is to deodorize himself. He has a Collection of Suave Perfumes. Let him use them.

The passing of Schlatter, the Divine Healer, closes a career unexampled in an age as skeptical as ours. In this section of the country knowledge of him is vague and belief in him scanty, but in the West there were, and are, thousands who would testify on oath to the miracles which he worked. In an earlier epoch a man such as he would have convulsed the world, led a crusade and had a cathedral built on his ashes. But this is not an enthusiastic epoch. Then, too, we know, or think we know, that such cures as he undoubtedly did accomplish were the effects of mind on matter. There have been others gifted with a power quasi-similar, but almost invariably they turned their marvels into money. Schlatter took nothing. There were many who offered him much. Not once would he accept a penny. He wandered, meanly dressed, with but a Bible for companion, begging his bread by the wayside. Centuries ago there appeared and disappeared a figure not dissimilar. It was that of Apollonius of Tyana, who declared that he had encountered every species of ferocious beast except the tyrant and that it was to see one he had come to Rome. Nero was wearing the purple then, and the statement annoyed him. On Apollonius he loosed his prefect. The prefect caught him. "What have you with you?" he asked. "Justice, Temperance, Purity and Patience," Apollonius answered. "Your slaves, I suppose," the prefect interjected. "Make out a list of them." Apollonius shook his head. "They are not my slaves; they are my masters." They were Schlatter's, too. However the latter may have imposed on himself at least he was an altruist. He deserves a monument, if only for his unselfishness. Instead of which in a dime museum his bones are to be on view. That is end-of-the-century, of course, but not any the more admirable because of it.

In connection with the recent and dual canonization at St. Peter's a subscriber asks will I state the requisites necessary for sainthood. Most certainly. The request is unusually complimentary and flattering in the extreme. The first requisite is to be dead. The second is to have been dead a long time. The third is to have been very good. The fourth is to have done nothing which the Advocatus Diaboli can discover to the discredit of the candidate. The clergy of France, for instance, long urged the claims of Jeanne d'Arc. The Advocatus, however, who is a member of the Pope's Commission, presented an adverse report in which he stated that essential conditions were lacking. Jeanne, as a consequence, is forever debarred. What she did or what she didn't, and particularly how the Advocatus found it out, one may surmise yet never know. The fact remains, a candidate must not have been even the subject of gossip. Another requisite, or rather a preliminary, is Beatification, which presupposes on the part of the recipient the heroic practice of all the virtues theological and cardinal. A minor degree of

sanctity is that of Venerable, for which only eminent piety need be demonstrated. To the Beatified public prayers may be offered, to the Venerable prayer may be addressed in private. The superlative title of Saint is bestowed, on the previously blessed, in a course of processes which may extend from one century to another. In the early days of the Church canonization could be performed in any diocese. It was not until the close of the twelfth century that the exclusive right in this matter was recognized as the appanage of the Papal See.

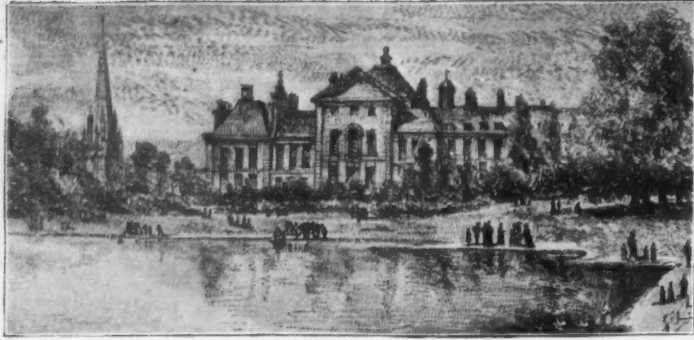
Mr. H. D. Traill contributes to the June "Fortnightly" a paper on matters literary, in which he says that the last twenty years are chiefly notable for the rise of a large class of second-rate writers. Twenty years ago I remember reading a remark to the same effect, not from Mr. Traill, but from a critic just as wise. Twenty years previous, had I been able to read, I daresay I should have encountered a similar complaint. For it is the peculiarity of critics to be in love with a past of which they know nothing and contemptuous of a present in which they have no part. It is true that Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle and Macaulay have gone. It is true, also, that there are none to replace them. But Horace and Virgil and Seneca and Tacitus departed before them and none came, either, to fill their place. It takes the drainage of a hundred million people, time and evolution, to produce a single genius. When several appear concurrently Nature is exhausted by the effort. But the absence of genius never has and never will predicate second-class writers. The works of Roman antiquity, which are the most polished, the most chiseled and ornate, are those which succeeded the passing of its luminaries. To-day, in prose as in verse, writers are technically superior to what they have ever been before. It is only in the past twenty years that finish has become general. Essays, novels and poetry which would have been admired and quoted two decades ago could not now find an imprint. With every deference to Mr. Traill the past twenty years have not been chiefly notable for the rise of a large class of second-class writers, they have been notable for a marked advance in literary style and an increasing disinclination for rubbish.

In this country the curiosities of newspaperdom deserve cataloguing. Chicago has a Soap Review; in Detroit there is, or was, a Checker Magazine; in San Francisco there is a periodical for Embalmers; the Bee Culture has its organ, there is one for the dumb, another for the blind, there are several for those matrimonially inclined, ditto for those interested in cemeteries, ditto too for those whom bottling attracts. There is not an industry, there is hardly a condition unsupplied. The Odd Fellows have their paper, so have the Arabs, the Portuguese, the Cherokees, the Lithuanians and the Welsh. Butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers all have their special sheets. There are papers about trunks, about shoes, about numismatics, about hats and hygiene, there is even one about Whitman. It is called the "Conservator," and emanates from Camden. The editor, Mr. Traubel, says that "hosts of specters glide past him in the street," that "the unquiet toad confided to him his life in a song," that "winter is summer," that "crops are snowfalls," that he has "seen joy where there was none," "a mosquito sharpening its knives on the beach," and that I count him "a dreamer of dreams." "Wherefore," Mr. Traubel concludes, "we may travel the round earth together, Evoking the majestic choral." Mr. Traubel's processes of deduction are not quite clear to me, but his intentions I am sure are those of an honorable man. His paper, too, is attractive, well printed, properly punctuated, and entered at the Post-Office as second-class matter. But as a curiosity it deserves cataloguing. Apart from that I hope it may live up to its motto—"Crystalline, without flaw, not godlike only"—and continue to be published.

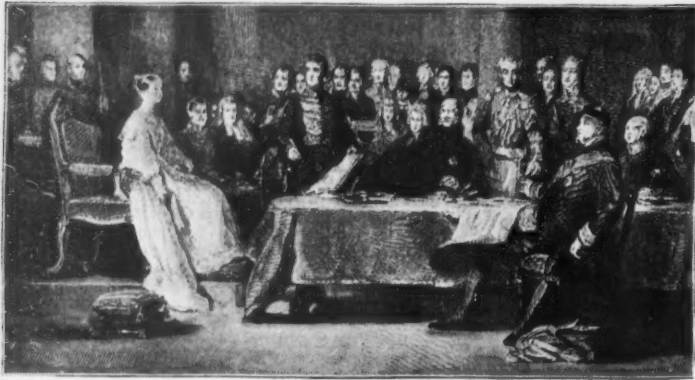
The proposed expedition of Professor William Libby of Princeton to Acoma and his announced intention to scale by means of tailless kites the tableland which is there may be futile but it is at least poetic. For there, according to local legend, Montezuma built his stronghold. Against it was a pillar of sandstone in which he made a stairway, so narrow that but one man at a time could climb it, and on the summit dwelt with his people for years. When finally he migrated southward and founded the capital which is the City of Mexico to-day the tableland became the home of Indians. Then it so happened that all of them save one, the daughter of the chief, went off one day in search of food, perhaps in search of war. While they were amusing themselves abroad a cyclone came that tore the stairway down, swept it away, dispersed it utterly. On their return they could just see the girl, but to reach her was impossible. They called to her, she answered. It is said that to those who call to-day she will answer still. For though that is ages ago, the echo remains. Since then the attempts to scale the mesa have been many. But none have succeeded. It rises straight up like a giant pillar to a height of nearly seven hundred feet and constitutes one of the natural curiosities of the land. What Professor Libby expects to find there is not stated. It may be adobe ruins, it may be fame.

The latest scientific invention is the rhinometer. Plutocracy as such will not need it. It is not, as the name might suggest, an instrument to measure money. Its uses are other and hygienic. Animals, some one declared, are not respectable. But even so, in certain respects, they are more sensible than man. They do not drink while eating and they don't breathe through the mouth. Man does both, and becomes obese and anemic in consequence. The rhinometer is not a preventative of fat, its purpose is to gauge the extent to which you breathe through your nose and to demonstrate of how much oxygen the lungs are cheated. For it is in that process that are accumulated a variety of those ills to which animals refuse to be heir. From a sanitary standpoint the rhinometer may therefore be welcomed. But there is another from which it should be considered. "Why," a philosopher profoundly propounded, "why have we two ears and but one mouth? Because," he continued, "because Nature intended that

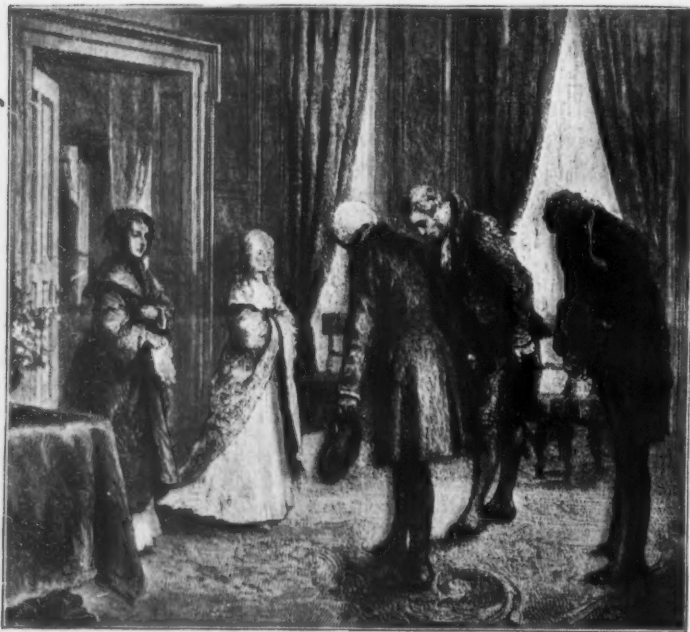
(Continued on page 18.)



KENSINGTON PALACE BIRTHPLACE OF QUEEN VICTORIA



FIRST COUNCIL AT KENSINGTON PALACE JUNE 20 1837



NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH CONVEYED TO THE QUEEN



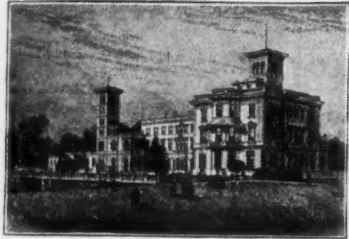
THE CORONATION AT WESTMINSTER JUNE 28 1838



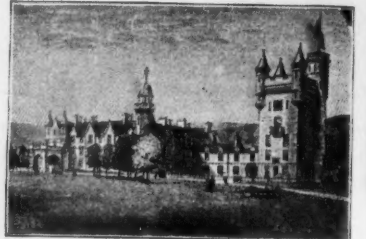
WINDSOR CASTLE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE



OSBORNE HOUSE 106 WIGHT



BALMORAL CASTLE SCOTLAND



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT AND ROYAL FAMILY



THE QUEEN IN ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL 1846



THE SCOTCH FUSILIERS PARADING BEFORE THE QUEEN BEFORE



MEETING WITH KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AT WINDSOR CASTLE OCT 8 1844



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LATEST PORTRAIT



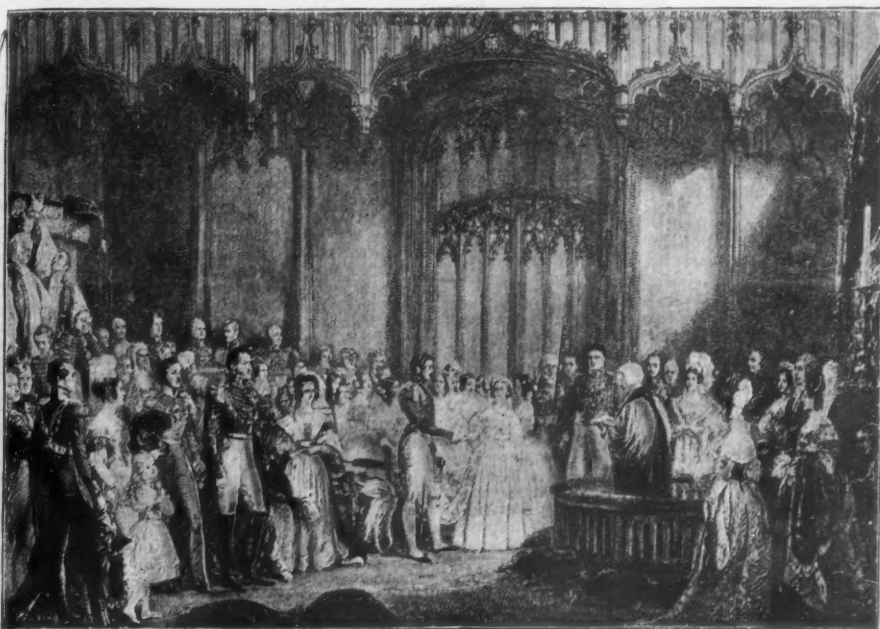
THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF 10



AN EARLY PORTRAIT



VISIT OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO BALMORAL SEPT 1896



MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA FEB. 10 1840 AT ST JAMES PALACE



THE QUEEN BEFORE GOING TO THE CRIMEA VISIT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD 1877



OUR NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued from page 7.)

we should repeat but half of what we hear." If now the rhinometer, in addition to the advantages already recited, succeeds in procuring for humanity the numerous blessings which would result from men and women keeping their mouths shut, what a boon it will be!

Apropos to which the recent commemoration of the Freiburg Institute in Baden is distinctly an object lesson. The building, which is the most complete of its kind in existence, is an institution in which hygiene can be investigated and taught, in addition to its being an example, approximating perfection, of an edifice constructed on the most approved principles of modern sanitation. Laboratories and lecture-rooms have been fitted with every known convenience, and the care bestowed in securing proper light, proper temperature and proper ventilation is reported to be unique. The building stands in its own grounds, which include experimental ponds and gardens, together with an associate institute for the study of the theory and practice of veterinary hygiene. The thoroughness with which everything connected with it is carried out cannot but compel attention. Freiburg is a little bit of a city, containing fifty thousand inhabitants at most, the infinitesimal fraction of Greater New York, and yet the State provides it with an institution which is of the greatest utility. The experimental study of hygiene has already led to benefits which are inestimable, and it is shameful that in a city as large and as rich as ours there is practically no provision for it. The record of one health institute alone—that of Koch in Berlin—should suffice to stimulate the municipality in this direction. But it won't. Politics first, last, and all the time.

There are to be two pantomimes given here next winter, one of which, "Pierrot in Love," a recent Parisian success, is pretty if brief. In it Pierrot appears as a country lad, unused to the ways of the city, where he comes in search of fortune. Obtaining a situation in the house of a sculptor, a little maid makes up to him, but in vain, for meanwhile he has succeeded in falling in love with a statue. In a pantomime, of course, everybody is dumb. The statue is not an exception. But it is not only dumb, it is unresponsive. To the advances of Pierrot there is but the chill, though there is the beauty, of marble. Pierrot broods and in brooding gets drunk. Now liquor will heighten irritation. Pierrot, inflamed with love and alcohol, knocks the statue from its pedestal and breaks it to pieces, whereat appalled and overwheeled he falls asleep. Then the plot thickens. The little maid, aroused by the noise, enters like a mouse, peeks about, discovers what has happened, removes in the same mouse-like fashion the remnants of the statue, and, presto, noting certain signs, jumps on the pedestal. Pierrot awakes, and recalling with horror and remorse the murder which he thinks he has committed, sees to his surprise pretty and moving features where before there had been but chill indifference, and learns from that cunning little maid that the lady he killed was not alive, that she never could have made him happy, whereas now there is one who can, who will, who is extremely anxious to do so. Pierrot thereat draws her to his arms and the curtain falls on the tableau.

Mrs. Cotes, whose "Voyage of Consolation" is running in the Supplement, is a writer whom I have steadfastly regarded as unique. It must have occurred to this gentlewoman, as long ago it occurred to Villiers de l'Isle Adam, that highroads are sterile. From her first effort to this present novel always has she avoided the beaten track. Her stories are totally unlike anything heretofore known to English readers. In casting about for some one whom she suggests I find only Gyp. That lady Mrs. Cotes does resemble, but, to use an idiom of that lady's land, *en mieux*. She has all of Gyp's wit, she has that ability which made Gyp famous of nursing a platitudinous epigram, and, like Gyp, she is untranslatable. Gyp, who sparkles in French, is lusterless in English. Mrs. Cotes in a French frock would cease to be Mrs. Cotes. There is a quality in her ink which I can't call peculiarly native, yet which I can call peculiarly her own and which the addition of claret, however good, would spoil. But that in which she exceeds Gyp is in her cosmopolitanism. Gyp's characters are rooted to the boulevards. Mrs. Cotes's heroines are universally at home, they are as familiar with Piccadilly as Wabash Avenue, and know the ins and the outs of the Faubourg St. Germain as thoroughly as those of Madison Square. And those ins and outs with what clear eyes they see them! Mrs. Cotes did not invent the American Girl, but she has photographed her as no one else has known how.

The concerts now being given at the Madison Square Roof Garden while by no means first chop are at least commendable. The execution is faulty, frequently false, but the intention is good and a distinct advance on the wretched vaudeville of last year. At a recent performance there were what might have been three excellent numbers. The first was the "Prize Song" from the Meistersinger. During its rendition I overheard a lady in my neighborhood declare that the selection was not Lohengrin. With equal judgment she might have declared that it was not Wagner. Nor was it. It was the orchestra's misconceptions of him. Subsequently we were treated to Weber's "Invitation" and a "Dance" by Tchaikowsky. In the one there are murmuring melodies, tears and tremors, the passionate purity of youth. In the other there is that rarity, genius. But if you had not known as much before-hand never would you have suspected it. The "Invitation" spluttered feebly and from the "Dance" Tchaikowsky had gone. And yet under similar conditions the result in England, in France, in Italy would have been the same. Out of Germany and Austria it is impossible to hear good music well rendered in the average concert hall. The reason for this is a conjunction of circumstances into which it would be fastidious to enter. In view, however, of the fact that in point of population New York is the third Teuton city in the

world it is regrettable that we can't, even at a dollar, purchase the same quality of enjoyment as may be had for ten or twelve cents over there.

I have received from the Tourist Association of New Brunswick a copy of a folder, showing St. John as the "Hub" of the Maritime Provinces. Among the attractions offered in that locality are the conveniences for reaching all points in the Maritime Provinces; the climate; the absence of extreme heat; the sanitary arrangements; no malaria, hay fever, or mosquitoes, black flies and other like torments; roads for driving and bicycling; best of waters for boating and canoeing; best of fishing and hunting grounds, both of which are easily accessible by boat and rail. Judging from the specimens in the illustrations forwarded, such as a game trophy, two hundred and thirty-six brant, geese and ducks, the result of five days' shooting, New Brunswick must be a very good place for sportsmen. An illustrated pamphlet descriptive of the attractions of the Province will be forwarded free on addressing Ira Cornwall, secretary New Brunswick Tourist Association, St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XLV.

The following picturesque item is now being printed every day in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald":

"GENTLEMAN, AGE 30, TITLE OF PRINCE, illustrious family, name dating back to 10th Century, wishes to marry American lady of fortune. Write P. de D., 'Herald' Office."

One can easily imagine the gnashings of nice white American teeth which this announcement will evoke among scores of our feminine tourists. And yet why should much indignation be expended upon it? If the gentleman of illustrious family, whose name "dates back to 10th Century," succeeds in getting for his wife some foolish American girl with about twenty thousand dollars as a bank account (and he will probably get none with even so big a purse) he will probably pray heaven, after a year, or less time, to deliver him from such bondage. No doubt there are girls—Milwaukee and St. Paul and Louisville girls, let us say—who now and then commit this kind of mad matrimonial act. But the "princes" and "counts" whom they purchase are of the sort that dine at an *établissement Duval* when able to dine at all. More than this, there are plenty of princes and counts in Paris, and elsewhere throughout the continent of Europe, who are seemingly the nicest fellows in the world. You can know them for six months and not detect in them the faintest apparent flaw. You never see them even dimly the worse for wine. They may take their *demi-bouteille* at breakfast or at dinner; they may permit themselves, as an appetizer, one *absinthe pure* at six o'clock in the evening. But, scan them as closely as you will, you can detect in them no shadow of a dissipated life. Many of them have no social "standing" whatever; they may be princes and counts in name only; they may have good credit with their bootmakers and tailors; they may be absolutely the reverse of that dreadful person, *un homme larré*. And yet, if you are willing to spy upon them with excessive keenness, to question their *intimes* adroitly, to follow them into their favorite clubs (the *cercle* This or That), you will discover why they wish to marry "an American lady of fortune." It is because they are gamblers. It is because that hideous vice, which we of western lands have not acquired except in our "poker flats" and Occidental haunts, controls and intrahills them. Several years ago, while in Paris, I saw a handsome young man, who had married an American heiress, seated at the great green *baccarat* table of a fashionable club. He was smoking a cigarette; he looked excessively tranquil and well-bred; he was somewhat nearly related to one of the great royal families. At his elbow was a big vessel, shaped like a Swiss hat—the kind that one sees in choruses when they play *Linda* at the opera. It was brimming with gold pieces; you might have said that it contained three thousand *louis*, or even more. He was winning enormously; his good luck had assumed a spectacular aspect; men had gathered near him, eying him enviously, greedily, in his *insouciant* posture of a successful gamster. "Does his rich wife know of this?" I whispered in the ear of a friend. "Oh, yes," shot the glib reply; "she not only knows of it but she likes it." She knew of it and "liked" it for the astonishing space of five years. She is now suing for a divorce. . . . And therefore, O ye girls of Milwaukee, St. Paul and Louisville, take warning in time. You may not get, for your money, half so patrician a husband as this gentleman to whom I have vaguely referred; but it is nine chances out of ten that you will get a gambler just as essentially dissolute. You will never find him out till you have married him for "bad and all." He will be no more capable of going off on "a racket" and coming home to you abusively drunk than he might be capable of eating for his breakfast an omelet three-quarters gutter-mud. You will always find him well-behaved, *bien ganté et bien chaussé*, and all that; but he will not be above pawing your ear-rings, yes, and your corsets (if they are silken), to frequent his filthy gaming-table. In plain terms, he will gamble away every centime of your American dollars on which he can lay his rapacious, filbert-nailed hands. That is why, when he is a titled nobody, he advertises in such papers as the Paris "New York Herald" in order to entrap you. That is why, when he is a titled somebody, he comes over to America in search of you, and murmurs elegant phrases about his ancient lineage, *et tout ça*. Beware of him. He often has dark, languorous eyes and the *bel air* of an emperor. But a tremulous-handed "morphine fiend" is just as "marriageable" as he. *Præmonita, præmonita*—forewarned, forearmed. You see, dear girls, that I put the old Latin proverb as a "feminine plural."

The forthcoming "Life and Letters" of Tennyson makes one think, somehow, of Matthew Arnold. I can scarcely define why. And yet, after all, the definition is easy. Arnold, if I mistake not, was born somewhere in the "twenties." He undoubtedly saw and watched the growing grandeur of Tennyson, who was born in 1809. Now that Arnold is dead, the true pathos of his position can be justly judged. He was a man of forcible intellect—and yet there one must pause. It is credible that he desired to be great. Great traditions had preceded him; great things were expected of him; an illustrious father had begot him. Oxford, that lovely Nuremberg of England, had overshadowed his very cradle with the granite majesty of its medieval structures. He dawned on the world of letters as a scholar, and by birth he was incontestably a gentleman. He wrote in prose, and charmed hosts of readers. He wrote in verse, and charmed hosts of readers. And yet nothing that he wrote, either in prose or verse, possessed the element of durability. I know of nothing more delightful than his critical essays; I know of nothing more attractive than his "radical" books, like "Literature and Dogma," like "Anarchy and Religion." It was Matthew Arnold who wrote things like these:

"Miracles, the mainstay of popular religion, are touched by Ithuriel's spear."

Or, again:

"What is called orthodox theology is in fact an immense misunderstanding of the Bible."

Or, yet:

"EXTRA BELIEF, that which we hope, augur, imagine, is the poetry of life, and has the rights of poetry. But it is not science; and yet it tends always to imagine itself science, to substitute itself for science, to make itself the ground for the very science out of which it has grown."

This last admirable passage, entirely maladroit from the standpoint of good English, peculiarly discloses and exemplifies Arnold's method. His style was a hammering one, though its somewhat monotonous strokes were like blows of silver on silver; their resonance partook of no discord. It was not a good style; it was too iterative and often too fault-finding for that. It was quite outside of the grand manner, for whatever it gained in dignity it lost in colloquialism. But it was, all said, a taking and vivid style—one to attract the great mass of English scholars for whom Arnold wrote. And yet, somehow, he never succeeded, as an essayist, in doing more than to tell Brompton that it was vulgar and Whitechapel that it was coarse. His "sweetness and light" never gained much greater actual vogue than some patent-medicine advertisement, glaring at one from the depths of an underground London railway. Huxley was writing with him and beside him, as you might phrase it, and Huxley so far outvalued him, on precisely his own prose premises, that to compare them, one with another, is to compare an oak to a shrub.

Arnold did nothing, as an essayist, bold enough for his time. You always feel, in reading him, that he is "about to do" something absolutely great. But the greatness never came. He was a kind of literary "chamber of echoes"—an appalling denunciation, I admit, yet one which I wish to convey only in a spirit of the most ardent respect. And with his poetry it was the same thing. It is at times beautiful, and at times it is true poetry. It was always on the right track. Arnold himself has said, in one of his published letters, that he cared only for poetry which dealt with the intellect, with human thought. But unfortunately he forever forgot the element of emotion, without which all poetry is a Samson shorn of his locks. Moreover, he had not the *voix d'or*; he revealed no cracked notes, it is true, but he never "gave himself away." In one sense he was not a poet at all, for a poet must touch the heart, however he delights the mind. When at his best he must delight the mind while touching the heart. Arnold never did both together—that *grand coup* was not his to achieve. And yet he has written so much praiseworthy verse that it seems churlish not to call it worthy of higher praise. But the critic must, in these delicate cases, pull himself together; he must remember, so to speak, the seriousness of his office. I have said that Arnold's place in English letters is invested with pathos, and I am tempted to repeat this verdict. A prodigiously talented man, he greatly succeeded in no department. Always he was on the verge of gaining greatness, but never did he once secure it. He had many graceful and ebullient and resilient flames, flames that curled westward, shot northward, sprang eastward, leaped southward, but that somehow never rose heavenward. And when one says that one says all.

The last word has probably been spoken about Matthew Arnold, but perhaps it has not yet been spoken about his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough. I have never been able quite to convince myself that Clough was a poet, and yet I should hate to hear it said that he was not. He was born in 1820, and hence was only two years younger than Arnold. He died in Florence, in the Italy which he loved, and of which he wrote eloquent and attractive things. He was immensely clever, but I think everybody will agree with me in declaring of him that in one respect, at least, he resembled Arnold—that is, he had not a ray of real genius. And yet between Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold there was a great intellectual gulf. Arnold expressed an acute regret for perished classic ideals. He raved, in his delightfully placid way, over the lost glories of Greek art and Greek culture. Clough, a scholar to his finger-tips, a man even more loaded with the best learning than Arnold (which is saying a great deal), stands to-day in literature as the first religious doubter who ever put his unorthodox views and tenets into English verse. If Clough had been a man of genius his position would now teem with distinction. He was tortured by fears that Scripture possessed no real authenticity, that the so-called Divine Message had been wholly spurious. If, in a wild, sweet, piercing voice, like that with which Shelley sang of national liberty, he could have proclaimed his anguish and despair, great results would have ensued. But the time was not ripe for a potent agnostic bard. Clough, moreover, had only, at his best, a plaintive mezzo-soprano note. He is remembered simply for the attitude he took—one of sorrow, bewilderment, almost desperation. He is a fascinating

figure in English letters, because, as one might say, he is prophetic of the splendid blasphemies which we are doomed, sooner or later, to hear in lyric and ode. Clough broke new ground. He had no spade of silver, no plow of gold, but he broke, nevertheless, new ground. It is always something important, mightily important, in literature, to do this. I wish I had space here to quote some of his dreary and yet vivid stanzas. He is destined to live because of them—to live, I mean, as the first of nonconformists and dissenters in English poetry. His niche is not high, nor is it broad or deep; yet it is a niche. He has paved the way for greater men than himself, and that is always remarkable, always worthy of close heed. Clough suffered, as one might say, with a new literary agony. Byron had shown us, as Arnold has finely phrased it, "the pageant of his bleeding heart." But Clough sang (somewhat feebly, if you will) not from a bleeding heart half so much as from a tormented and thirsting soul. He could not live without a God, and he died searching for one. The entreaty, the staggering, stumbling quest of his poetry, might have become as sublime a literary fact as the faith of Milton, as the grisly medieval superstition of Dante. But the sadness of his place among singers cannot be too deeply deplored. He had a great despair, yet he could not voice it. Future poets, with actual genius, may owe him a heavy debt. When Clough is utterly forgotten, some new Clough, with thrilling tenor strains and a throbbing *basso*, may utter that very misery which he so weakly strove to phrase. And what is that misery? Well, I will not attempt to define it. The devoutest of us are often dirked by it, unless I err, and the blade is twisted in the wound. Almost three thousand years ago they built, in Athens, an altar to the Unknown God. In this polemic age of battling creeds what more scathingly melancholy reminder can one make? Why do nuns pour tears upon the coffins of their sister nuns? Why does death remain a horror and a distress, despite every mass ever murmured and every cathedral ever reared? This is what Arthur Hugh Clough asked, and though he did not ask it in any grand Hugoesque way, the querulous music of his questioning will abide with us for years yet unborn.

Clough, as I am now reminded, chose, in perhaps his most noteworthy poem, "The Bothe of Taber-Na-Vuolich," a measure which he mastered but ill, even when he mastered it at all. I mean the Virgilian hexameter, which Longfellow made so graceful and effective in his "Evangeline," and which any one, now, with the faintest aptitude for verse, can spin off impromptu, like this:

Here is the murmurful ocean, tremulous under dim starlight,
Rich in memorial music, dreadful with records of wreckage,
Wrinkled yet virginal ever, baring her infinite bosom
Equally unto the blandness of this vague exquisite evening
As to the tremors tempestuous born of un pitying northwinds. . . .

And so on, and so on. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed." It seemed hard, once, this hexameter, but to-day everybody finds it as easy as lying. None of our modern songsters will even touch it; they are afraid of being called "Longfellowians," and all that. Yet why do so many of them, men of talent and real force, drop into the "society verse" so persistently? Is this the bad influence of Mr. Austin Dobson? He has written some charming stanzas, it is true, yet has he not written many which are merely "society verse"?

For my own part I know of nothing so contemptible as "society verse." The levity of its jingle should be crushed down and stamped out, instead of receiving, as it does apparently receive, recognition and encouragement. Nothing is easier than to write this serio-comic stuff. When a versifier can be nothing else than pretty he is nearly always sure of his prettiness. And this mere trip and strut is far too much cultivated. In "Munsey's Magazine," for example, one sees little else. In the "Century" one sees, now and then, a really sincere lyric. In "Harper's" one seldom sees anything of the slightest poetic value. In the "Atlantic" one glances with dismay at many forlorn metrical efforts. Why is this? I cannot believe that it is owing to a paucity of talent. I have, indeed, distinct reasons for believing otherwise. The trouble about our magazine poetry is simply this: Those gentlemen, the Mr. Gilders and Aldens and Burlingames who edit our magazines, are dolefully ignorant about the real worthlessness or worthiness of the verse sent to them. One of them (Mr. Gilder, is it not?) writes in meters himself. The others have probably done so, but are less modest about printing their inspirations. Meanwhile these editors are incessantly engaged with prosaic questions. Who is going to get the best article, they ask themselves, on the Queen's Jubilee? What about Mr. McKinley's new Cabinet? Where can hands be laid upon the most "timely" paper concerning the North Pole? Who can furnish us with the most up-to-date account of the Græco-Turkish dispute? Is there anybody who knows more about the actual Cuban "situation" than anybody else? And so it slips along. Meanwhile the Messrs. Gilder and Alden and Burlingame have hardly more than five minutes a week with which editorially to concern themselves about magazine poetry—about, in fact, magazine literature. They forget, in their hard zeal to be "timely," that they are not literary at all. Mr. Maurice Thompson, if I mistake not, has more than once pointed this out, and Mr. Howells, not many months ago, wrote me that he wished a truly literary magazine were possible. I often wonder why my friend, Mr. Collier, permits me to run on, in my audacious and terribly "unpopular" way, about "mere literature," as I do run on. It strikes me, just now, for example, that his *laissez aller* should feel itself sorely strained while I venture to discuss so utterly "colorless" a subject as magazine poetry. I myself was once "poetical editor" of a New York magazine for several months. I am afraid I was a pretty bad and cocksure and bigoted editor, but nevertheless my term of service

taught me one salient fact. It taught me that although an enormous amount of metrical trash reaches a magazine, much better stuff reaches it than is usually admitted. An editor is therefore needful who can really deal with these lyrics in a practical yet artistic way. I recall having received a poem of fifteen or sixteen stanzas, and having had a sense that the whole affair was somehow good yet not good enough. Suddenly the idea flashed through my mind: Why not reduce the whole affair to four admirable stanzas, which exactly conveyed the author's meaning? I did so, and was afterward told that my curtailed "edition" proved highly successful, being copied in many journals. Of course I did not presume to touch the poem until I had received full permission from its writer. In this one case I was fortunate; no doubt in many another I should disastrously have failed. Still, there is a great deal to be said for this kind of exploitation. The chief point is to get a man who knows the technics of poetry just as a musician knows those of music. There are musical firms in all the large cities which employ men to revise and "correct" the songs presented them. Why should not poetry be treated in the same way? It is as much an art as music is; it is subject to rules—rules less difficult of mastery than harmony and thorough-bass, and yet rules which require the intensest study for their secure acquaintance and control. If such a magazine as the "Century" chose to employ a man (not necessarily a poet) who was conversant with these rules, he might accomplish delightful results. I recall that Mr. Gilder once wrote to me more or less in these terms: "We do not pretend to be at all infallible, but we take what we like and return what we do not find attractive." All very well; but how much better if a less whimsical and arbitrary method were instituted! How much better if the "Century" and "Harper's" and "Scribner's" should try to aid young and struggling versifiers instead of snubbing and repressing them! Even if one should grant to Mr. Gilder a genius for poetry, might he not rather impertinently ask himself what "opening" for his verses he would ever have found if he had not climbed, in dead men's shoes, up to his present autocratic position, and become at once the "accepter" of his own verses and the subsequent publisher of them? The plan to which I refer might not please all singers. Many of them (we must not forget the *genus irritabile*, by any means) would protest, revolt. But many others would accede, and perhaps with gratitude. "Experts" exist in all departments of art, just as they exist in all departments of trade. The verse in our current magazines, as every unprejudiced person will now readily admit, is for the most part pitifully frail and dull. But in certain marked instances it is harmed by two other grievous faults—prolixity and awkwardness. Painters, musicians, actors, sculptors, are all, nowadays, supplied with "schools" for their various arts. The poor magazine poet (who is, or should be, a really greater artist than any of them, since poetry is the greatest of all earthly arts) must drag along without an instructor, and get nothing better, at the best, than occasional Gilderian, Aldenian or Burlingamian boxes on the ears. I say "magazine poet," for the simple reason that there is no other sort at present possible. If a new "verse-maker" wishes to put himself between book-covers, he must either pay some haughty publisher five hundred dollars, or else have some other publisher, still more haughty, refuse to print him even at the proffered "bonus" of one thousand.

Unquestionably, in her last book, "The Massarenes," Ouida has written a tremendous novel. The day has long passed when Ouida could be dismissed with a shrug. Beyond doubt, she began all wrong, and certain of her critics never forgave her for it. I remember when the "Saturday Review" made her its absolute butt, and at that time it was a journal in which many people "believed." Of course those earlier books, such as "Granville de Vigne" and "Strathmore," had their absurdities; but they were the absurdities, after all, of an ill-trained genius. The great trouble, for years, with Ouida, was that some of her superb repentances (if I may call them so) like "Ariadne" and "Folle Farine" and "Signa" and "In the Maremma" and "Bébé" and "Pascarel," were ignored by noteworthy intellectuals. Men who had deplored her first attempts would not believe that she had greatly developed, wondrously improved. I recollect that Bayard Taylor would not. He wrote in the "Tribune" a scathingly severe criticism on that marvelous masterpiece, "Ariadne," when it first appeared. The criticism was printed anonymously, but I asked Taylor if he wrote it and he answered that he had done so. I told him that I did not see how he could fail to perceive the splendid poetry and charm of this book. But he would not concede that it was anything save bad and vulgar from beginning to end. He was entirely wrong, and I should venture to say that the verdict of many intelligent readers has since proved him entirely wrong. But he was not by any means alone, among men of high ability, in denouncing Ouida after she had become a great artist. Mr. T. B. Aldrich, as I very well recollect, flung at her, in my hearing, an almost venomous comment. "She has," I said to him, "extraordinary color." "Yes," replied Mr. Aldrich, "the color of a 'busted' ice cream factory." I didn't, and don't, quite know what an "ice cream factory" is, but I thought the comment rather reckless and ill-advised, and I thought it all the more so when I afterward learned that its maker had never even read "Ariadne" and when I heard him call, scoffingly and punningly, that beautiful prose-poem, "In the Maremma," "Anna Emma"—a work which he had also never read, and of which he seemed, indeed, never to have heard.

But, fortunately, greatness will not be "downed." It has been Ouida's good luck that her virtues have far exceeded her faults. The actual splendor of her genius—and it is a genius which makes her to-day the one most important English-writing romanticist of this century—has done with her prose precisely what a like quality did with the prose of Hugo. It has almost blazingly blinded us to her defects. "She is a Victor Hugo in petticoats," a clever man once said to me, years ago. And as I have gone on living I have felt (quite apart from any reference to the colossal powers of Hugo as a poet) that this epigram of eulogy teemed

with truth. Once a clever woman said to me: "Ouida is great, of course, but she has no sense of humor. She overdraws, overpaints, and is not conscious of it." "Yes," I answered, "but did not Balzac do the same?" (And Balzac undoubtedly did.) "But," I added, "if Ouida has no sense of humor, in that sense of it which you mean, she has surely a most scintillant wit." To any prig, any critic who cannot forgive an error in syntax or in Roman topography or Greek scholarship, any person, for example, like Mr. Andrew Lang, Ouida becomes "impossible." I once tried to express this ultra-dainty fastidiousness in the following lines "To a Prig":

"Though genius clad you in a golden mist,
For him your verses would but lamely stammer
If in their texture should by chance exist
One least unholy blemish of bad grammar.

"Vainly for him the powers you would unite
Of Shakespeare, Virgil, Dante, Lope de Vega,
If, quoting Greek, you once presumed to write
An omicron in place of an omega."

Past doubt Ouida has sometimes been careless. Such phrases, for example, as "Ronald was about to say something to him about his obligation," etc., is but one of similar flaws in the text of "The Massarenes." But can such heedless if culpable faults be compared to the atrocities of Mr. George Meredith's slipper-at-the-heel English, which there are actually people who endure and pardon? Ouida has written, in "The Massarenes," a novel which no living English author could possibly approach. The old charge of "vulgarity" used to be brought against her. Perhaps it can still be brought; Hugo was incessantly charged with it, and often in a spirit of much greater real justice. But I cannot help stating that I greatly prefer Ouida when she does not touch at all upon "society." She is, to my thinking, a prose poet of signal eloquence and beauty. In "The Massarenes" she has chosen to write something which strongly resembles her poignant and unforgettable "Moths." But I would rather have one of her lovely idealistic books, such as "Ariadne" or "Folle Farine," than twenty "Moths." Still, her "Massarenes" is an amazing thing. It contains character-drawing of an unsurpassed vividness and distinction. Its style, for the most part, is admirable. "Poverty," she says, in one place, "is apt to be cowardice when it is not desperation." And again, and again, and still again, sentences of like power occur. But the book itself is an absolute wonder of dramatic brilliancy. There are times when one must literally pause and draw a deep breath; the interest, the excitement, the epic-like unveiling of sordidness, passion, criminality, vile worldliness, and (one is glad to add) of high and noble impulse as well, exact from a sensitive reader positive terror. Yes, if one pleases, Ouida has "faults." So have big hills ugly fissures; so have towering oaks deep gashes. Her "vulgarity," taken all in all, has been for fifteen years only the "vulgarity" of rugged landscape and scarred seaciffs. Her greatness and bravery and potency are precisely what the admirers of Walt Whitman would have us affirm that he possesses, and which he does not possess at all, because he is not an artist and Ouida, at her highest and finest, is an artist of supreme skill. As a mere story-teller none more brilliant has ever lived. Her management, technically speaking, of "The Massarenes," is beyond all rivalry. It is a book, to my own mind, infinitely refreshing after the recent tedious "studies" of provincial life from so many of her countryfolk. Ouida's present mode of narration is swift, shorn of all wearisome details, often excessively witty, sometimes regrettably cynical, now and then overcolored, here and there too querulous, accusative and arraigning, but constantly a fine feast, a stimulant and exceptional entertainment. Ouida's good people are often too good, her bad people too bad, her dissipated lords and ladies too dissipated. But her pencil, if it has the Rubens-like quality of exaggeration, is nevertheless one of royal force. The day has long ago perished when the wisest of us could laugh at Ouida. She has taught us to do other things than that—to smile, perhaps, but only with respect and astonishment, at the piercing qualities of her wit. She has taught us also—those of us who are not so perverse and wrong-headed as to refuse such teaching—to recognize in her an erratic but astounding literary individualism. It is quite *passé de mode* to sneer at her, though certain rather snobbish but unobservant critics have not yet discovered this fact. When they do they will no doubt repentantly waken to the error of their tardiness, and shower upon Ouida prodigal praise. She will probably not even read it. She is no longer young, and has outlived whole battalions and platoons of critics. Meanwhile I cordially advise everybody to scan her latest novel, "The Massarenes," which is an affair both of radiant originality and scorching satire.

THE DRAFTED SOLDIER.

Ouida stoutly denies that the soldier is the highest type of humanity, or that obedience is the highest human virtue. The obedience which is exacted from the soldier is very much like slavery, and it is no moral act and teaches no virtue. "There is no servant, groom, artisan, farm-laborer, or hireling of any kind so lazy, so impudent, so insubordinate, and so useless as the young man who has recently come out from his term of compulsory service. When Lord Wolesley utters the preposterous declaration that the education given by conscription teaches a lad 'all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen,' has he the least idea of what is the actual moral state of the barrack-yards and barrack-rooms of the armies of the Continent? When the youth has had purity and strength of character and of mind enough to resist the contagion in which he has been steeped, he will in nine instances out of ten be a spoiled agriculturist, artisan, student, laborer. I can conceive nothing so appalling to the world as would be the forcing of the military temper down the throats of its entire multitudes. Militarism is the negation of individuality, of originality, and of true liberty. Its somber shadow is spread over Europe; its garrotting collar of steel is on the throat of the people. The whole people sweat, groan, perish under the burdens laid upon them for the maintenance of the vast battalions of young men imprisoned in barrack-yards in enforced idleness and semi-starvation."



THE SWING.

CURRENT COMMENT.

WHILE many clever Americans have been explaining to one another that scarcely anything in mechanics remains to be discovered an Englishman has adapted the long and generally known principle of the turbine wheel to marine navigation and succeeded in making nearly forty miles an hour with a little vessel only a hundred feet long. This indicates that by the use of similar means the speed of the fastest ocean steamers may be doubled. This is the first instance in many years of a great invention or adaptation abroad before Americans had devised something similar, and wonder grows when one recalls that the turbine and its principle has been explained in every text-book of natural philosophy that has been used in American schools in the last fifty years. Not every one can be an inventor, but the recent English treatment of the turbine is a significant hint that there are probably many valuable adaptations still within the capacity of any one who knows anything of the mechanical powers.

A statement of last year's yield of precious metals, prepared by the Director of the Mint, shows that the United States still produce more gold than the famous South African mines, that more than half the States took part in the output, and that although California is still the "banner State," yielding more than fifteen million dollars' worth, the State of Colorado, which has been the most persistent complainant regarding hard times, fell only about a quarter of a million dollars behind California and produced also silver which even at the present low market price was worth more than eleven million dollars. Our next year's gold yield will undoubtedly be much larger, for valuable discoveries are succeeding one another with bewildering rapidity in the new Randsburg district of California. Quite as valuable, however, as all the gold mined in California during the year was the copper output of the single State of Montana, which amounted also to more than a quarter of the copper yield of the whole world; yet Montana got out more than twelve million dollars' worth of the precious metals also. With such a yield

a State need not mind being called "a mere mining camp."

The special prayers offered in some American churches last Sunday for Queen Victoria seem to have offended some patriotic souls, but there seems to be no good reason for the indignant protests that have been made. Queen Victoria is the one and only eminently respectable person on a European throne; she is also the wisest of her dynastic family, and she has always exerted herself, frequently against great opposition, to maintain peace and good feeling between England and America. The greatest mistake she ever made was when she neglected to marry an American and rear a family that would have changed the impulse of old England to that of newer England, but a young woman unfortunate enough to have been brought up three thousand miles from the United States can't be expected to have known everything, including the manifest destiny of the original and best part of the British Empire. All classes and conditions of men are prayed for in churches every Sunday of the year; Americans could well afford to pray for a good woman once in a century.

It is to be hoped that the country at large will not judge the State of Texas according to the antics of some men who seem to constitute the majority of the State Legislature. These men have enacted that the text-books for the State schools shall be prepared by Texas authors, and they are attacking the State University, the principal college in Texas, because some of the instructors are lacking in respect for "the Lost Cause" and for faults of the State government. No portion of the South contains men better informed as to the right purposes and methods of education than Texas; unfortunately, however, Texans, like all other Americans, are prone to forget that eternal vigilance is the price of much besides liberty, so they are badly represented at the State capital; good men in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois cannot afford to throw stones at them.

Among the peculiarities of the "old West," the border of which was not far from the Mississippi River, were

tremendous "revivals of religion." Reports of these were not newspaper yarns or travelers' tales; they were abundantly attested by men of all faiths and no faith. Quite as inexplicable as the revivals themselves was the fact that the converts were not from the better or more impressionable classes, but from the very worst element of the populace—hard-fighting, hard-drinking, wholly disreputable ruffians and desperadoes. Stranger still was it, to ordinary judges of human nature and to men who insist that blood will tell, even if it be bad, converts from this class seldom went back to their old ways. These experiences are recalled by reports that the worst sections of the Territory of Oklahoma have recently been swept by a religious tidal wave and reformed so thoroughly that no gambling is done nor any liquor sold in places which a few months ago were veritable antechambers of perdition. There are bad spots in some Eastern cities, but the worst of them is respectable in comparison with some of the Oklahoma towns before the revival began. For some years there has been a complaint that religion is losing its hold upon humanity, and there has been no end of searching for something to take its place. Such of the complainants as are in earnest yet are also religiously inclined could greatly strengthen their faith and illumine their hope by making an early excursion to Oklahoma; no matter how skeptical they may be, they will be prepared to believe anything regarding the possibilities of degraded human nature. The writer has himself seen some of these extraordinary manifestations in bad parts of the West, and does not believe that the most improbable story about others would be as strange as the unvarnished truth.

The most sensible and inexpensive adjunct to our coast defenses that was ever devised has just been suggested anew by a distinguished civil engineer. It is that Congress should order the making of certain canals and the deepening of waterways so that our inner line of water communication may be practicable for large ships. It is already possible for a boat to go by inland routes from New London, Conn., or Albany, N. Y., to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk and into the North Carolina sounds, but the boat must be a small one. Could gunboats, "Monitors" and other war vessels use the same route the defensive value of our navy in time of war would be fully doubled, to say nothing of the facilities which such unseen and untroubled routes would give for surprising an enemy. In time of peace the suggested inland route would be of great service to coasting vessels and could be made to pay interest on the greatest sum that ever has been estimated to be the probable cost. A glance at the map will show the feasibility of the plan; south of Baltimore the needed excavations would be only in sand—there is no rock in the country. The costly portion of the work would be the widening of the canals at the northern end of the route. For some time there have been symptoms of a canal fever in Congress, with schemes for a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Mississippi and also to the Ohio; the coastwise interior water line would be far less expensive than any of these, it would encourage the preparation of proper "plants" for extensive excavations, and yield some trustworthy figures upon which to base calculations regarding other attractive canal projects.

If Hawaii becomes part and parcel of the United States, which seems probable, we will have a novel experiment on our hands. The islands have about the area of Massachusetts and more population than certain of our new Western States have yet acquired, so in two respects it is competent to be a territory or even a State; but the quality of the population is more mixed and less easy of assimilation than that of any territory we ever acquired by annexation, purchase or conquest. Of the less than one hundred thousand inhabitants, only about three thousand are Americans; the English and Germans together number about three thousand more, while the Portuguese far outnumber all other whites combined. There are also fully twenty thousand Chinese and as many Japanese, and all these foreigners except the Chinese have certain treaty rights of which we cannot deprive them without getting ourselves into trouble. As to the natives, their blood is mixed with that of every other race that has reached the islands. If all these peoples except the Asiatics are allowed to vote, there will be some queer doings by the Territorial or State legislature of Hawaii. Perhaps Congress may make the country a district, like Alaska, and withhold votes or representation, but this will not suit a country which has for years been indulging in more officers to a given number of intelligent citizens than any portion of our own continent. Fortunately the national debt of Hawaii is small and the country is too far away to be a disturbing element to our own people—except as it may distract the attention of Congress from matters of greater importance. Of course the islands will send delegates to all of our political conventions and have undue influence in the nomination of candidates for the Presidency. Doubt as to whether Hawaii is really worth having has been freely expressed because no great European power has yet seized it; but this is not conclusive, for England, the most voracious of the land-grabbing nations, once owned Cuba yet had not the sense to retain it, although Cuba now would be worth more than all India to England.

An unexpected but gratifying result of the hard times of the last four years is that the graduating classes of most of the colleges, large and small, are larger this year than ever before. There must be reasons for this other than that the increasing prevalence of football is making boys wild to go to college, where it is played more persistently, scientifically and savagely than anywhere else. One explanation is the cheering old story that the necessity and value of high education becomes more evident year by year; another, vastly more original but which probably has something to it, is that business has been so bad as to turn the scale for thousands of young men who have wondered, while graduating from high schools and academies, whether to go to work or to continue their education. If the last-named cause was the real one, the young men will have no reason to regret their decision, for there never was four years which offered so few and undesirable business openings to young men who were already well enough provided for to be able to go through college.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

MORE PARISIAN PENCILINGS.

THE other night, at the opera here, I could not help observing certain distinctive signs. You glanced round the house (which is to my mind the most beautiful theater, both outside and in, that I have ever beheld), and you realized it was extremely full. But it had nothing of the Metropolitan's so-called "brilliance." I asked myself what, after all, was that "brilliance"? After a while I concluded that it consisted of two things. First, a reckless profusion of jewels on women's necks and in their hair; second, an inartistic impertinence. We Americans, in large numbers, go to the opera with contempt or indifference for the music. French people do not. They will not endure loud talking in the boxes—or, rather, they are not asked to do so, for it is rarely presumed upon, and, when practiced, would instantly be hissed down. The Metropolitan is a good deal like the Covent Garden in London, except that it is, generally speaking, handsomer. But the Paris Opera is not only far finer than both; it is the essence of beauty and taste and art. You do not realize how large it is because of that "old-gold" sculptural grandeur and loveliness which make its pillared and statued walls a luxury for the gaze. I have always deeply admired it, and its noble, solid symmetries, with the effect of being literally wrought from tons and tons of solid gold, gave me a new delight. In the boxes there were many fair women, but though often richly dressed, they wore no "splurgy" costumes. I don't doubt that more than a few great ladies were present, but I did not see a single tiara of the Tiffany kind, and no "crown" such as those beloved by the wives of our new-rich railway magnates and our Western mining-stock sultans. These crowns, when American women don them, are not seldom sources of ironic laughter throughout Europe. For they have meanings of an intensely patrician sort; they are symbolic of a European birth and ancestry which render them ridiculous on the heads of Fifth Avenue *grandes dames*. During the *entr'actes*, I observed, there was no rush, from box to box, like that of our "opera dudes." Visits were paid, but all was gentle suavity, placid decorum. Even the promenaders in the magnificent *grande salle* facing on the *Avenue de l'Opéra*, carried themselves with a reposeful air. There was no silly levity, and there was only one sort of excitement—that roused by the opera, a somewhat tame and poor one ("Samson and Delilah"), though written by him who also wrote the wondrous and fascinating score of "Carmen." . . . Yes, in an American sense, I realized that it was not what one would call a "brilliant" night. But the French, like all the other Latin races, are artists. They help to make the great music of the world, and whether they be lofty swells or only petty shopkeepers in the Rue Pelletier, they pay their francs with the respectful impulse of listening and enjoying. If any one should ask Jean de Reszke truly to state how much more it pleases him to sing in Paris than in New York or Chicago, I wonder what his answer would be. No, on second thought, I don't wonder at all. I am very certain just what his answer would be.

I heard, lately, a horrid tale, which made me feel that I should not like to have any American friend whom I at all valued die in a Parisian hotel. Several years ago a poor American clergyman, they say, went to Paris with his daughter, sent here by his congregation in the desire to give him a pleasant summer "outing." The hotel which he chose I will not name, but it was one of great repute, and not at all far from the Gardens of the Tuileries. At this hotel his daughter suddenly sickened and died. The proprietors "arranged" for him, in his anguish, a funeral, and afterward sent him in a bill for it which he could not pay, so large was the bill itself and so relatively limited were his funds. He informed them of the latter fact, and they shrugged their shoulders. These were the customs of the hotel; they had merely followed them. If Monsieur did not or could not settle for the obsequies of his daughter, he must submit to being legally prosecuted—*vold tout*. The bereaved and tormented man, in his perplexity and despair, sought an American friend, told him everything, and touched his heart. This gentleman gathered together a few other friends and between them all a subscription was made up and the audacious, extortionate bill was paid. Meanwhile inquiries were made by Mr. —'s benefactors as to the origin of their stringent and even barbarous "rules." It transpired that a certain London company had for years backed the hotel, and that in case of such a death as this of the unhappy clergyman's daughter their orders had been very explicit. "It must have taken several years of his subsequent salary," the narrator of this woful tale informed me, "for those enormous funeral expenses to have been ultimately defrayed."

"Rules" partaking of so unjust a spirit are of course highly odious. But if it is unpleasant for your friends or kindred when you chance to die at a Paris hotel, it is none the less so, as regards certain experiences, to live there. Not long ago a gentleman of my acquaintance came here strongly recommended by a prominent American banking house to the firm of Messrs. E. Hoskier & Co., in the Boulevard Haussmann. He was assured that he would find the Messrs. E. Hoskier & Co. in every way agreeable and conveniencing. He found them quite the reverse. He asked them to cash for him a check on a New York house, and though the amount was less by many hundreds of dollars than that of his letter of credit, they took twenty days before consenting to give him anything but a receipt for the check. Meanwhile they assured him that after they had verified this "paper" in New York (a piece of impudence which he meekly bowed to) they would honor all future *billets* of a like sort. But this agreement the Messrs. E. Hoskier & Co. deliberately broke when another document of precisely the same sort was presented to them. As an excuse for their *puncta fides* they simply fell back upon their "rules." Almost within the next ten minutes my friend found Messrs. Cook & Son perfectly willing to oblige him, as they

nearly always are thus willing when they see that you hold a letter of credit on a banking house of good repute and that there is no danger of your being a swindler. Thousands of tourists all over the world have had reason to bless Messrs. Cook & Son. Wherever I have gone, myself, I have always found them the essence of courtesy and efficient aid. They have probably made a great fortune by antagonizing the harsh *hauteur* of many foreign bankers, who are afraid of being exploited by the dreadful itinerant American, just as that same dreadful itinerant American constantly runs the risk of having bad money passed upon him by the waiters of even their own most respectable restaurants and also of being shamelessly overcharged there, through the combined duplicity of *gargon* and *caissière*.

My friend, of whom I have just spoken, was so indignant at the conduct of Messrs. E. Hoskier & Co. that he wrote them a letter of which he kept a copy. This copy he showed me, and I think it contains enough interest, amusement and truth to merit being transcribed, as below:

"Paris, May —, 1897.

"DEAR SIRS—I am in receipt of your last note. You call my check 'a draft.' It is not. You say it is a 'rule' which has always been kept in your firm 'never to pay these drafts,' as you term them, directly. Are you quite aware that you are hinting the probability of my being a swindler? Perhaps you are; I leave that entirely to your own sense of civility and justice. I gave you a check, and I gave it you because Messrs. —, of New York, had told me that you would treat me with politeness. I think you must realize that if I had given you a check which you had found to be a piece of *mauvaise monnaie*, you could have had me arrested and imprisoned. In according me the amount of my check, which you consented to negotiate, you kept me waiting about twenty days. Fortunately, as I told you, I was not in the slightest need of funds. But when I called at your office and presented this check you somewhat astonished me by taking it and telling me that you would pay me the sum *après demain*, and on that afternoon I turned with surprise to a companion and said: 'Can it be possible that they will not ask me to endorse the check?' No such request, however, was made. Meanwhile it all seemed to me a somewhat strange proceeding, and one hour later, a clerk of yours hurried breathlessly to my residence with the check in his hand, asking that I would endorse it. We Americans may have our faults in your eyes, but it strikes me that our business methods are somewhat more exact than this. When I presented my check to you your clerk distinctly told me that all future ones of the same sort would be paid to me *after this had been found out, in New York, to be negotiable*. But when, about twenty days later, you received from me another similar check, I was told that I must go through the same tedious process. I will not say that this treatment was insulting; that is a matter for your own sense of the proper *convenances* to decide.

"You tell me that your firm has 'rules.' Everybody can use that form of speech. It is one of my 'rules' never to behave toward any one as if he were capable of defrauding me until I have thorough proof to this effect.

"I am now writing to Messrs. — of New York and asking them why they should bore you with foreign tourists of known honesty and social standing, if you will do nothing to aid them in these mere ordinary difficulties such as mine. I cannot conceive why they should do so, and I shall request them kindly to tell me why. To-day I applied with my second check to another firm, and was promptly paid the full amount.

"I can only add that nothing could possibly annoy me more than the thought of having troubled you by ordering my letters sent to your care. If I had for an instant supposed that your 'rules' were so Draconian, I would not, pray believe me, have intruded myself upon your notice at all. This I am writing to Messrs. — of New York, simply for the purpose of endeavoring to protect my fellow-countrymen from the same *de haut en bas* behavior such as I have received from you. I have no quarrel with you whatever, and no anger against you. Your 'rules' are your own, just as are mine regarding the non-consumption of mushrooms—a dish which disagrees with me. But, allowing that you have these 'rules,' I do not think it quite fair that you should, in the first place, employ clerks ignorant of their business, and, in the second place, induce a celebrated New York banking house to recommend you for the convenience of American travelers. You are, as I am compelled to state, not 'convenient' at all. You are wholly the reverse; and why, in the name of heaven and earth and all the attendant planets, a powerful firm, such as that of Messrs. —, should have advised me to deal with you (since it so evidently is *génant* for you to deal with Americans at all) I cannot reasonably conceive.

(Signed) P— P—

"To Messrs. E. Hoskier & Co."

"On the whole," I said to P— P—, after having mused for a little while over this copy of his letter, "I think you showed a thoroughly dignified spirit of rebuke. . . And what reply did these Messrs. Hoskier & Co. send you?"

"They returned my letter," was his reply.

"Oh," I laughed, "you presumed to show them that they were in the wrong, and you naturally enraged them. How completely French! It makes one think of Tennyson's fiery line—though, of course, in a somewhat altered sense:—

"The red fool-fury of the Seine."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Paris, June 2.

A FAMOUS musician was once asked by two vocalists to decide which of them sang the better. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished, the musician, addressing the first, said: "As for you, sir, you are the worst singer I have ever heard in my life!"

"Ah! ah!" said the other, exulting, "I knew I should win the wager."

"Stop, sir," said the Doctor, "I have a word to say. As for you, sir, you cannot sing at all."



XXV.

NAME AND FAME.

THERE was a man in London whom I met but twice or thrice; he was well-known even then, on both sides of the Atlantic; he was destined, many years later, to become very widely known indeed. With Sambourne, Keene, and Tenniel, he was one of the leading artists on "Punch." His name was George Du Maurier.

It was commonly remarked that he and Tadema resembled each other in personal appearance, and stories were told of sentimental women, and others, who confounded them with each other. There was a slight superficial likeness, in stature, color, and profile; but it must be confessed that Tadema was the handsomer of the two, and had withal a strength and vigor about him that were lacking in Du Maurier. The latter, indeed, could never have been very robust, and his eyesight had been affected for many years. Besides, in ordinary society he was a comparatively quiet and undemonstrative man; though, no doubt, among his own intimates he could be jolly enough; but I never had the fortune to see him in those circumstances. Charming he always was, everywhere.

Thousands were admirers of his drawings in "Punch"; millions have read his novels, published within the last few years. His was a singular career—a strange fate. He had been drawing for thirty years at least before he thought of writing. I remember a beautiful design of his in "The Graphic" as far back as 1871—the same beautiful women and gallant men and lovely children that he always drew. He was not primarily a student of character, like Keene and Leech, but a worshiper of beauty. He added, of course, a number of well-remembered and readily recognized types to the caricature of modern society; but what he cared about, and did best, was his beauties. His was normally a sunny, kindly nature; his creed was malice toward none, charity to all; nevertheless, his range of active sympathies was, I fancy, rather narrow. He was sensitive and fastidious, and his circle was not large, still less promiscuous. He had a feminine delicacy of fiber; but that did not prevent him from regarding women from a sensuous, masculine point of view. He was as distant as zenith from nadir from namby-pamby sentiment and the epicene cult; if there were anything against which he was bitter, it was that. But he was highly impressionable, and had the harmonious instincts of an artist; he was not, spiritually, very profound. He never solved the problem of existence, even to his own satisfaction. Therefore his morality—his moral theories, rather—were not orthodox. He was disposed to be liberal, not so much from definite conviction as from uncertainty as to the identity of the Eternal Verities.—What do we know?—Be loving, and honest, and manly and womanly, and all will come right. As to the soul, and the nature of the future life, what can it be more than a matter of speculation?—Such I conceive to have been his attitude. His mind was not possessed by what Garth Wilkinson calls "Kingly Certainties, compared with which the results of science are but changeable shadows." His humor was most engaging and illuminating; but it was of the softening, not the strengthening, kind. It was the humor of the comrade, not of the master. It did not stoop from heaven to be kind, but deprecated severity to human weakness. Such men as Du Maurier are not meant to teach or to lead, but to contemplate and to comment.

Obviously, a man like this was specially fitted to do that which he spent the substance of his life in doing—to depict the fashion and gently satirize the folly of his time. It is not only entertaining but edifying to be shown what we are, and to be checked in our extravagances by a quick and truthful and withal amiable observer, who never permits his smile to twist itself into a sneer. And Du Maurier did more than this, for he actually established a taste in masculine and feminine beauty, inasmuch that it would hardly be fanciful to say that there is more of it—in England at least—than if he had never held up the ideal. Tall, slender and comely men and women are certainly less uncommon now in the mother country than they were when he began to draw.

It is not surprising that an artist so gifted as he, and gifted in that particular direction, should have affiliations with literature. His pictures all tell a story, many of them without need of the little legend writ underneath—which itself possessed admirable literary qualities. His point of view and that of the novelist could never have been wide apart. Moreover, Du Maurier was a student and enthusiastic admirer of certain novelists; and again, there were thoughts in his mind which he must have wished to express, but for which the limits of his artistic medium did not provide an adequate vehicle.

Why, then, should not he himself write a novel?

When and from whom the suggestion first came I know not. Perhaps it had lain long in his own mind, and was brought into activity by some external cause. There was much to be said in favor of it. He would set forth on his new voyage with a name already known; people would be curious to see what the well-known artist would write, so that curiosity alone would insure him a hearing—which is often the main difficulty in a new writer's way to success. Then, his trained observation of the life around him, and the quasi-literary posture of his mind, would help him in the execution of the project. His memory, too, of passages of his schoolboy and young-artist life in France would have an almost historical value, as a record of an agreeable and little-known phase of life. There was ample opportunity for the play of humor and variety of character and scenery; and finally—what perhaps was after all the most strongly operating argument in Du

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Maurier's mind—a novel would give him the chance to communicate his inner thought and speculation to the world—the thoughts and speculations which seemed to him not unimportant, but whose worth could be gauged only by trying them on the public.

On the other hand, there were considerations to give him pause. He was risking an established reputation for a hazard of new fortunes. He had passed the meridian of life—he was born in 1834—and a man's mind is not so plastic after a certain age as it was in youth. He had already made what might be deemed a signal success in life; it was hardly to be supposed that he could make another; and if the novel were anything less than a success, was it not more prudent to hold it back altogether? We may suppose that he hung a while in the wind; but there would not be wanting eager friends to urge him forward; and indeed, once the idea was fairly conceived, the result, in a man of Du Maurier's temper, would be a foregone conclusion. He wrote "Peter Ibbetson." The welcome it received astonished him, and others. It might have been less noticed had it been published without Du Maurier's name, and first in book-form; but all that aside, it deserved success. The style was the chatty vein of the greatest English novelist of this century; it had little else of him; *magni nominis umbra*. It presented a winning picture of the Franco-English life which no one knew so well as Du Maurier; and then there was the episode of "dreaming true," which may be considered the author's own. For some, this was the valuable part of the story; for others, it was rubbish. Of both features it may be said that literary art was lacking in the handling of them. The author did not know what to leave out. He was not too frank or familiar in the first part of the story, but the frankness was too long-drawn; he was not too fantastic in the supernatural passages, but prolonged them unnecessarily. His faculty was for detail, not for synthesis. He heaped all his potatoes into the basket, instead of being satisfied to give the finest only. "Peter Ibbetson" would have been better in half its present compass. But we do not expect an author to be faultless at his first attempt; and the book was quite good enough to make us wish for another.

So he wrote "Trilby." The frame and background were the same as before; but instead of Dreaming True, we had Trilby. The girl was without doubt the most substantial figure that Du Maurier ever invented, until the hypnotic episode, which she was invented for, came on. It is easy to see how, if the art-student matter had been severely curtailed, and Trilby carried on to a natural consummation, the book would have been an artistic gem, and would have constantly grown in favor. But hypnotism was what Du Maurier must have; he would not otherwise have thought his story worth writing. And, beyond question, hypnotism, together with the character—or lack of character—of the girl herself, were what gave the novel its enormous popularity, as brief as it was enormous. The character of Trilby was not true to life; but it was what many people would like to believe could be true. Women of her kind are often amiable and generous and are uniformly winning; but they never possess those qualities of steadiness and persistent self-sacrifice which are what give Trilby her distinction. If they did possess them, they never would become Trilbys. As for the hypnotism, it is melodramatic, and quite wanting in the fairy-like fascination of the "dreaming-true" business. In no artistic respect was "Trilby" an improvement on "Peter Ibbetson."

Be that as it may, Du Maurier was now the most popular novelist living, and there was nothing for it but he must sit down once more, and for the last time, and write "The Martian." We are all reading it in the Magazine; and perhaps some of us think that the reason we do not like it so much as "Trilby" is that we are getting tired of the Du Maurier fad. But I think it will turn out that the true reason is, the story is far inferior to either of the writer's previous efforts. There is not a lifelike character in it; the hero is the least lifelike of them all. In spite of the author's constant protestations, Barty is a nobody and a nothing; he never could have either written or drawn anything. The disproportion between what he is asserted to be and what he

is, is preposterous. And as for the Martian business, that is preposterous too, and, what is worse, not in the least interesting. Whatever in the book is tolerable had already been better done in the previous ones. From beginning to end, the thing is childish, trivial, and wearisome.

There is a sad moral and a pathetic fact behind this. The fact is, that when he wrote the novel Du Maurier was dying; and it was his success that brought about—at least, hastened, his death. The moral is, that it was not his fault. It was our fault: our idle and conscienceless habit of running to extremes; of glorifying to-day what we shall forget to-morrow. For a work of moderate merit and many faults we poured fortune into his lap, and proclaimed him greatest of writers. We extolled him, not for artistic worth, which we neither could nor cared to appreciate, but for the gratification of our own momentary fancy. He was a man of innate modesty and humility, and he ruined him. We destroyed his peace, we prevented what chance he had of self-improvement, we bewildered his sense of proportion, we swamped him in affairs and anxieties for which he had no natural aptitude. We killed, and worse than killed, one of the kindest and gentlest men of our generation. We did not know whether or not what he wrote was good; we did not care; all we cared for was to be amused for a moment. We gave him, in return, money, and believed we were quits. But he is gone; he never enjoyed his feverish prosperity; and I think the debt is very far on our side of the account.

There are a number of contemporary writers for whom we are doing the same sinister service. It is our own vanity; we must have it that our poor little wooden gods are solid gold. I need not name these writers; they are household words to-day, but to-morrow they will be strangers and anathema. Our appeal is to their baser passions, not to their noble ambition. Pure art never flourished in such hotbeds as we cultivate; a little more restraint, a little more honesty and unselfishness, and how much less mischief should we do!

AT A LONDON PUBLISHER'S.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THERE were houses in London twenty years ago—I don't mean to say there are none now—where one went periodically, just as, at Carlisle, one drinks the waters regularly. The first time, one went by invitation; afterward, as a matter of course and routine. These receptions were more or less informal; some were in the afternoon, some in the evening. In the former case, you went in afternoon dress; if a woman, you kept your bonnet on; if a man, you put your hat under your chair. In the evenings you were usually on your way to some other place, or coming from there; you wore a claw-hammer, or a low neck, as the case might be. Or you might come early, if you liked, and be the last out of the house. With the exception of dinners, of course, this was one of the pleasantest things you could do. You met people you were intimate with again and again, and were always liable to run up against some one you had long wanted to meet. It was a capital opportunity of making acquaintances. The informality smoothed off the sharp corners of intercourse, and left your conscience at ease. Are there such things in New York? I don't know. The effect was a sort of enlargement of one's own home; you were at home in half a dozen places all over town. Every day in the week there were one or two of these houses on your list, and you took your choice.

Several of the London publishers had these "days," and the authors attended in good numbers. The authors living in or passing through London were no provincial set; you met all there were of consequence in the world, sooner or later, and no doubt some not of so much consequence too. Other people besides authors were there; it was not all shop by any means. Anything in the shape of friendly dealings between authors and publishers of course seems a little unnatural; but in practice it was not so bad. I don't know that the authors got better terms for their books; but they had the chance to discover human traits in the oppressors. Some authors would actually invite publishers. There is a legend that one of the authors belonging to Longmans once invited the latter to an evening reception, and exerted himself to produce a worthy effect. Everything was in good form; there was a nice collation, music, and so forth. The two Longman brothers, however, moved gloomily apart, and observed the proceedings somewhat in the same spirit as "Punch's" young men, who "don't dawdle." As they stood thus, unconciliated and critical, one was overheard to murmur to the other: "This is the way our money goes!"

Possibly that may be the interior sentiment of all publishers, though it took the Longmans to give it expression. But I am disposed to think that Baron Trübner was an exception. There was a German bonhomie about him that made you like him and believe he liked you, in spite of all traditions and prejudices. His wife confirmed the impression—a most hospitable and lovable lady, smiling, comfortable and hearty. They had a large house out in the North-West somewhere, in a broad street, beyond the reach of the ordinary fog. The Baron was modest about his title, which had, I believe, been conferred on him for merit; he blushed when you addressed him by it. He was a florid German, homely and intelligent, lively and genial, about sixty years of age at this time. He died in 1884, much lamented even by authors, and I fancy his end was hastened by hard work. He had made a specialty of American books; these, and Oriental subjects, filled the bulk of his catalogue. We are a grateful race, and when we were in London we were wont to look him up and talk.—He never published anything of mine, so my eulogy is pure.—After his death, his business went into Kegan Paul's hands, who likewise, I regret to hear, is now lying on what is probably his death-bed. I may speak of him again.

The Baron's house was always filled with a clever, talkative, entertaining crowd of folks for the most part worth knowing. They came from all over Europe, as well as from our own country; you heard several languages of an evening, and many "accents." You could discuss profoundly or chatter frivolously, as you chose; you could run up against colossal intellects or bask in

the smiles of beauty, as your temperament or needs suggested. Such a thing as a cigar was to be had, and a place to smoke it in with other friends of your own kidney; and as the evening wore on, it was not impossible to persuade the ladies to permit the indulgence of the vice in their presence. Ladies are prone to be indulgent (comparatively) after midnight; I wonder why: I wish there were more hours after midnight than there generally are.

It was here that I first met Bret Harte; indeed, I believe I never happened to meet him anywhere else. I recollect being surprised to notice that he had the traces of small-pox on his skin; his hair had just begun to turn gray. But what a delightful looking and behaving chap he was—and is, no doubt. Quiet, polished, humorous, sympathetic; a man of the world with genius, and therefore still with a certain childlikeness emerging through the trained society surface. Dark, brilliant eyes; a mustache—the Ideal! He was of middle height, with a graceful figure, punctiliously clad. His voice was melodious and masculine, a fascinating voice. When an American has a good voice, it seems to me much more agreeable than any Englishman's; I never heard on the English stage a voice to be compared with Edwin Booth's—until Edwin himself came over. The English speak their own language with exquisite precision and modulation, as if they enjoyed doing it, and didn't care how long it took them; but the American is so simple and unelaborate in his method—he seems so much more intent on what he says than on the way of saying it—that if his voice is good I for my part prefer him to the other. Bret Harte said, in answer to a remark of mine (that he had given a new significance to the word "gratuitous," using it in a humorous sense) that he was not aware of so doing; he thought he gave it only its normal value. He seemed a little sensitive on the point, I fancied. I meant no harm; no one admires his writing more than I. He has written at least fifty pages of prose that will last as long as our literature. What I cannot understand about him is his apparent lack of ambition. Those matchless early tales of his were written without anticipation of the fame they brought him; after that, a fit of indolence seems to have seized him, which is not over yet. Everything is good, but nothing is better than at first. Yet one can hardly believe that a faculty so enormous was incapable of further development. But perhaps one's expectations are unreasonable. I remember that at a dinner or supper to Henry Irving, when he was playing "Louis XI." in New York, Mark Twain arose and made a few remarks. "Henry," he said, "we've seen you play 'Louis XI.' and we liked it; it's a good play, and you did it well. But you mustn't stop there, Henry; you must be ambitious; you must go higher; you must fulfill the expectations of your friends. We believe, Henry, that you've got it in you to play 'Louis XII.'" What is the sense of expecting Bret Harte to write anything better than "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"?

This may not seem to have anything particular to do with Trübner's; but that is just the sort of irresponsible, discursive place it was. One of the habits was a writer on the "Saturday Review"; I cannot recollect his name, though there was nothing peculiar about it. He had translated several of Turgenev's works, and reviewed novels in the paper. It was only after his death that I learned that he was the author of the blood-curdling and Armenian-Atrocity slatings of my own books which invariably appeared in the "Saturday" the moment a book of mine was published. He was a tall, active, lean, nervous gentleman, with the air of being always on the point of flying off somewhere, like a disturbed stork; eager and emphatic in conversation, and constantly irradiating his interlocutor with a wide, wiry smile. Though he could not like my books, he gave me every reason to suppose that he was devoted to my person; I have never been the object of manifestations so redolent of love from any gentleman in society. I hardly comprehended them at the time; but I have thought, since I came to know him as the author of those "Saturday" articles, that they were designed to show that, much as he adored me, he loved the integrity of Literature still more.

The McCarthys, father and son, were there. The elder man has been personally known in this country for thirty years; and to know Justin McCarthy is to be his friend. The gentle side of the Irish character, with its wonderful intellectual faculty and its touching emotional sensitiveness, was never better illustrated than in him. What he has written in history and fiction, and what he has done in Parliament, great though these contributions to literature and politics, do not give the full measure of the man; he is above anything that the world sees of him. That inimitable Irish touch! what a miracle and benefaction it is! The iron of life never enters into the soul of an Irishman of the McCarthy type to spoil him; his sweetness is never soured, his sympathies are as quick and his perceptions as delicate at the close of life as at the beginning. McCarthy, by the way, used to give receptions at his own house, each of which was an oasis in one's memory; and at one of them a delightful incident occurred which I shall relate, for I am sure that Justin Junior, whom it concerns, will forgive me if the smile is at his expense. He was at this period a young man of few years but extraordinary attainments; though but nineteen, he had, for one thing, read the whole of Balzac in French, besides most of the rest of French literature; he was an editor of the "Examiner," and an accomplished poet of sonnets and triolets. Since

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then, as we all know, he has made a record in Parliament, and has achieved success as a dramatist; he has always been a favorite in London society. But eighteen or twenty years ago he was very impressionable and full of generous enthusiasms; and in the course of his reading he had come across the works of Charles Dudley Warner, and had (as he might have said) worshipped them. Now Mr. Warner happened to be passing through London at the time this reception at McCarthy's was given, and as I was going, I took him along, knowing how welcome he would be. But there was a great crowd there, and we came rather late, and it was a matter of some difficulty to find our hosts. Finally, Warner and I brought up alongside the collation table, and were eating strawberries, when I caught sight of young Justin, drifting with the throng, with his fair hair, blue eyes, and rapt expression. "Justin," said I, "have you met Charles Dudley Warner?" The poet started and turned pale. "What! He here? The dream of my life!" and his clasped hands met under his chin. "Here he is," I rejoined. "Mr. Warner, this is Mr. Justin McCarthy the Younger." Warner took his plate of strawberries in his left hand, and shook hands with Justin with his right, and said I don't know what that was apposite and agreeable; after a minute or two some one else was brought up, and Justin fell back a step, with his eyes uplifted and a glow of beatitude effulgent on his features. As he caught my eye, he murmured, "Now—I have lived!" If you imagine there was any affectation or pose about this, you are much mistaken. It was entirely normal and natural to Justin at that stage of his career; and that is what made it so delightful. Warner himself did not hear it till ten years afterward, when I told it to him at Chamberlain's, in Washington, one June day, over a mint julep. I doubt if he ever enjoyed a mint julep more.

One evening Mrs. Trubner said, "Come with me: Stella wants to know you." I had not had the advantage, up to that time, of knowing who Stella was, or that such a personage existed. That only shows how little I knew; for not to know Stella (especially for an American man of letters) was to argue yourself unknown. She was a distinguished figure in New York when I was a youth at college; but for several years she had been living in London, and working on something in the British Museum. She was a poet, and without doubt a woman of genius; but the world had not been made to fit her comfortably. She was called eccentric. The things that interested her, interested her profoundly; and they were not things that people in general cared about. She could not understand this, nor they her.

I was brought up to a lady of masculine height and pronounced features, but with a full complement of muliebrity. Her nose and mouth were large, her eyes deepset, clusters of dark curls showered and shook about her lean cheeks, she smiled much and gave way to gestures and attitudes. She was dressed in voluminous black silk, with much fringe and flounces; I don't remember whether she wore black mits, but it seems to me that must have been the case; I am sure her knuckles were prominent. She was one of the best women in the world, and kind-hearted to a fault; but her first aspect and onset were daunting. I soon perceived that our interview was not to be a mere touch-and-go affair; we were to square ourselves to the work, and the outer world was to be excluded. There was a sofa in a corner, I think; but the details are faint in my memory; I was fascinated by the regard of the lady, by the shaking of her curls, by her unexpected and singular movements, by her suddenly coming and going smiles. It was evident that she was capable of being unduly pleased, and yet more easily hurt. I cannot tell which I felt more anxious to avoid doing. I had not the remotest idea what she had done, or who she was. After a while, in addressing her, I said "Miss—ah—", and hesitated, for indeed no name of her, other than Stella, had been uttered by our hosts. I knew later that her title was Mrs.; but perhaps that mistake was not so bad.

"Stella!" she said, with a violent and inexorable smile; "just Stella. That is my name; between poets that is enough!" I strove to appear feebly compliant; but I was badly frightened. How could I address this formidable structure as "Stella"? Besides, was I a poet? I had not heard of it; did she mistake me for somebody else of the same surname?

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Possibly she was some one who had known my ancestors in their youth, and they had omitted to mention it to me; or did she come from some larger and less normal planet than ours, where people had but one name, of an astrological flavor? I made strenuous efforts to get her to say something that would compromise her, so to speak; that is, betray some fact that would enable me to identify her or connect her with something human; but it was all in vain. Our discourse was to be of abstractions; of the Soul, Poetry, Fame, Love, Hate. I had just been eating sponge cake and drinking sweet lemonade; it seemed to me that these viands were turning to ashes within me. While she was framing a philosophical question to me, or expounding a transcendental enigma, I was staring hypnotically at some feature of her raiment or saliency of aspect, and when the moment came for my answer or comment, I had nothing ready; my mind went staggering back to try to extract from my brain the significance of the sounds which had been pouring into it. If she judged of what I was from what I said, she must have come to the conclusion that she was hardly more of a nonconformist than I to the trite usages of earth. She eyed me with the intentness and apparently with the intention of a camera lens. I trembled to suspect that she was finding me attractive, and would reward me with yet further queries and riddles. But there was within me a ghastly conviction that she awaited the moment when I should throw aside all reserve and deluge her with encomiums of her last book. Alas! I knew, not even whether she had written at all; for aught I could say, she might have been an actress or a temperance lecturer. Oh, for a moment's clairvoyance! Oh, for a sudden cap of invisibility! But no such rescue was in store for me. I sweated with agony, like Launcelot, with a spear sticking in him, climbing up the side of a charger in the tournament. And now I am tempted to end this with something dramatic; no one would ever know I was romancing; anybody who knew Stella would believe anything. But I will not; the truth is, the interview ended much as if the tremendous forces involved had been no more than ordinary social elements. I escaped from that charmed circle of one with no visible lacerations, and I never entered it again.

But my experience enabled me to comprehend what had once happened to the poet Swinburne on a similar occasion. He had been introduced by the hostess to Stella, and she had gradually worked him into a corner of the room, and then seated herself in front of him, between him and the rest of humanity, shaking out her sable silk folds so as quite to obscure him, for he was a child in dimensions compared with her. So they remained for a long time, amid the giddy whirl of the crowd, unnoticed and forgotten; until at length a voice was suddenly heard uplifted in the ecstasy of mortal terror and agony; it was the dying voice of Swinburne. With upflung arms and glaring eyes he had sprung to his feet and was yelling:

"Will no one come and help me!" Yes, I know how he felt; but I had not the courage or the genius to resort to his method; it was so natural and inevitable that I missed it. Poor Stella! Forgive this ribaldry. I am persuaded that there were few women in London better worth knowing than she was; but it was about her that the fairy tale must have been written of the princess who was changed into a dragon; if the knight would kiss that dragon the charm would be dissolved, and she would be the Beauty of the World. But did he? I doubt it.

SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

If there is any truth in the assertion that the bending of the twig is responsible for the inclination of the tree, the next generation of citizens should be "a credit to their country and to all their native land;" for the young twigs of the tenement-house districts are now being perseveringly bent in the right direction, by zealous humanitarians whose idea it is that it is better to train youth than to reform age—a theory that has been steadily gaining in strength for the last few years, as it should, by the increased interest in the number of juvenile clubs whose aim, among other things, is to inculcate the three great principles of Law, Order, and Self-government, into the girls and boys of the crowded city. The highest form of philanthropy finds its outlet in this work. Inasmuch as the better charity lies not so much in the bestowal of alms, but in giving the brain effort and the life effort that is required to strike to the root of a social evil, and out of unpromising soil to bring forth good fruit. The University Settlement in New York City, and the Georges

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Junior Republic have probably already done a more lasting benefit to the city, as well as to the cause of humanity at large, than the dozens of excellent but short-reaching charities organized merely for the purpose of distributing pecuniary aid. The good that the University Settlement has accomplished among these girls and boys, children of that "other half," of whose barren lives of temptation Mr. Riis has given us such graphic pictures, cannot be estimated, and it is to be hoped that the idea of the University Settlement will be carried out in its excellent practical detail throughout the country, through the smaller cities and large towns, and especially in those suburban districts in close proximity to some metropolis, where the poolrooms and gambling saloons are rife, where unemployed youth is exposed to so many temptations, and where probably a larger percentage grow into loafing, drunken manhood than in the city itself; for in these neighborhoods the enticements to mischief are almost as great, while the incentives to work and ambition are far fewer than in New York.

"To start a club," advised an organizer in the University Settlement, a woman who is doing a telling work among the poor for her city and State, "you must expect to forearm yourself with a large amount of patience and perseverance, otherwise it is useless even to start. Then when you are sure you have a reserve stock of these qualities, go ahead and get your boys. Talk it over with some working boys you know, and get them to promise to get, say six others to join as a start, and so form a nucleus, and the membership will gradually increase. It would be well to start, perhaps, with games, or a drill of some kind, something at first that will interest them and hold their attention; but gradually, as the forming of club laws and regulations become necessary, the meeting will assume a parliamentary character, new members will be elected, and measures introduced to be either passed or vetoed; for of course everything should be done by vote, the primo facto idea being to instill the sentiments of responsibility and good government into these embryo citizens, and at the same time give them an interest and employment which will keep them out of the poolrooms and saloons."

It is interesting to see how soon the privilege of a vote and the responsibility of upholding a self-organized institution will develop a code of morals in these gamins, which is truly Draconic in its severity, and by which a new aspirant to membership is judged. At one of these elections which occurred lately the aspirant was present, having been brought by a slightly judicious friend, and sat passively awaiting the decision of his young companions, whose expressed opinions on the subject, pro and con, betook at last of so personal a nature that the organizer of the club, moved by pity for the young candidate, suggested that the election be postponed and not be carried on in the presence of those under discussion. But the club, although seeing the force of the argument, was in no humor for procrastination; there was a moment of indecision, until the youthful president, rising to the situation, tapped

his hammer and said, "The meeting will adjourn until Mr. O——" (the applicant for admission) "steps into the coat closet, when we will proceed with the business on hand," which appeared to strike every one as a successful solution of the difficulty. The interest these clubs evoke among their young members is wonderful. The present writer visited a club the other day, formed and organized entirely by the boys themselves, and which they had dubbed a "Literary Society," where the members read original essays on Lincoln, Washington, and other pillars of the State, a general gleanings from the public school history books, but which showed an appreciation of the qualities which insure success almost pathetically incongruous with their daily lives. If this work, which is being so splendidly accomplished in New York, should be taken up all over the country, there would be reason for hoping that the citizens of the coming era might prove competent to unravel the tangle of social evils which a dying century leaves as a doubtful legacy to its successor.

ENGLAND'S MOTHER QUEEN.

The double page in this issue, illustrating the life and career of Queen Victoria, is selected with a view to presenting her Majesty in a personal rather than in a political aspect. In her girlhood, Victoria was summoned by royal messengers at midnight to hear that the mantle of English royalty had fallen upon her young shoulders by the death of William IV.; now, in the seventy-ninth year of her life, in the sixtieth year since she was proclaimed Queen, and in the fifty-ninth year since her coronation, Victoria is Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, ruling by affection rather than by prerogative over the most energetic and widespread of civilized nations.

This journal has concluded, on this occasion, not to publish the conventional biographical and historical sketches which have become so plentiful within the present year. Those sketches are correct and give the main facts of the long Victorian reign, but they are easily accessible to the reader from other sources, and the WEEKLY does not consider it necessary to supply the demand. Instead of such articles we begin in a week or two a specially prepared sketch of Queen Victoria by one who has had a favorable opportunity to obtain correct information. The writer has had access to English court circles and is eminently fitted to give an account, at once truthful and acceptable, of the everyday private life of one of the most remarkable women of history.



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